

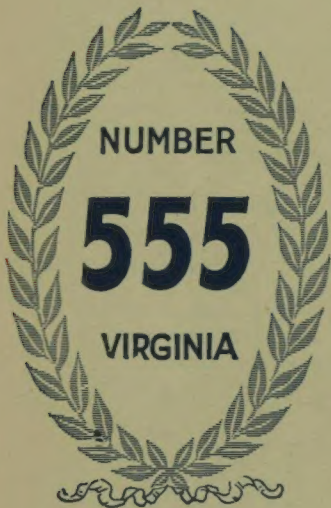
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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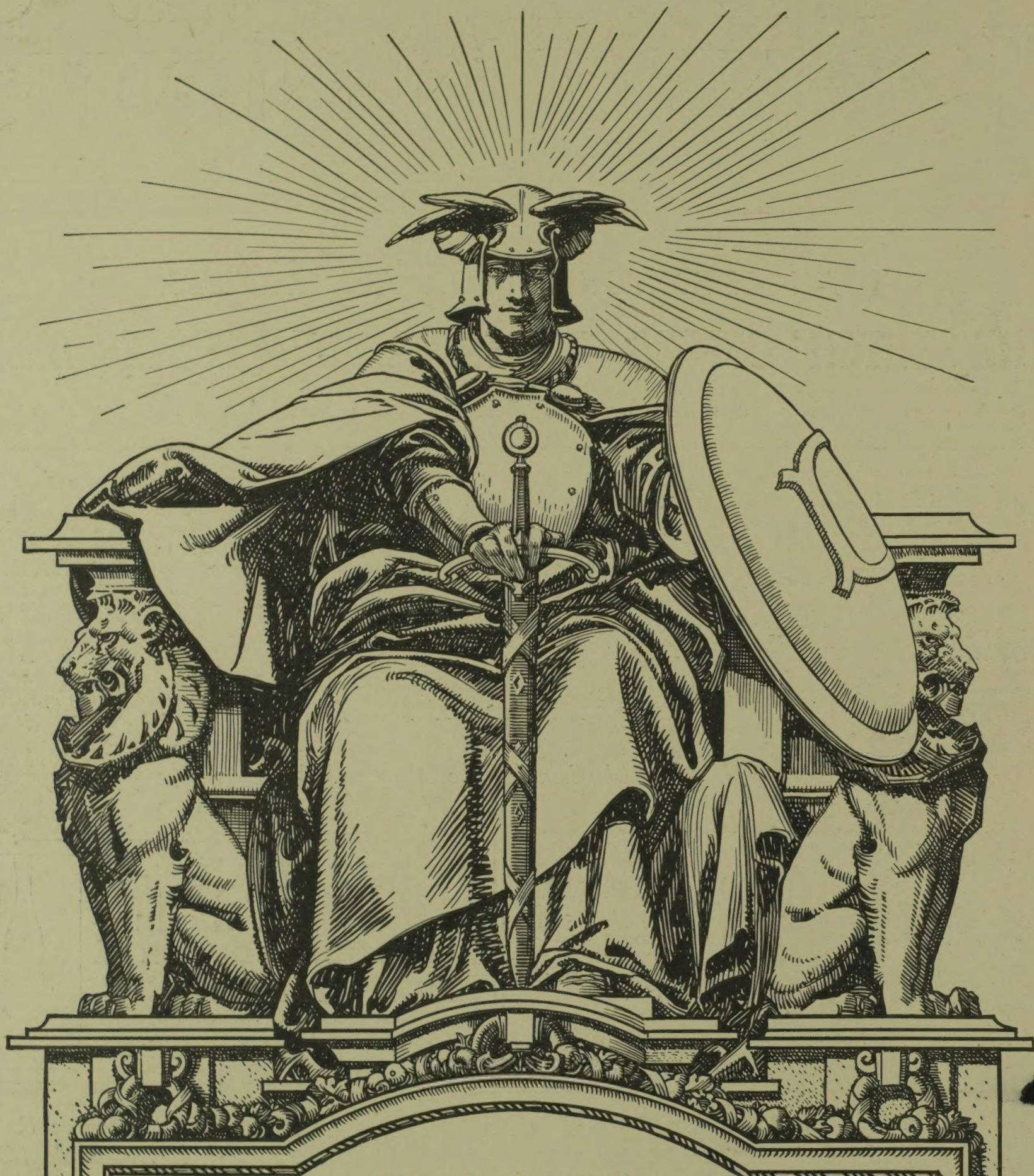
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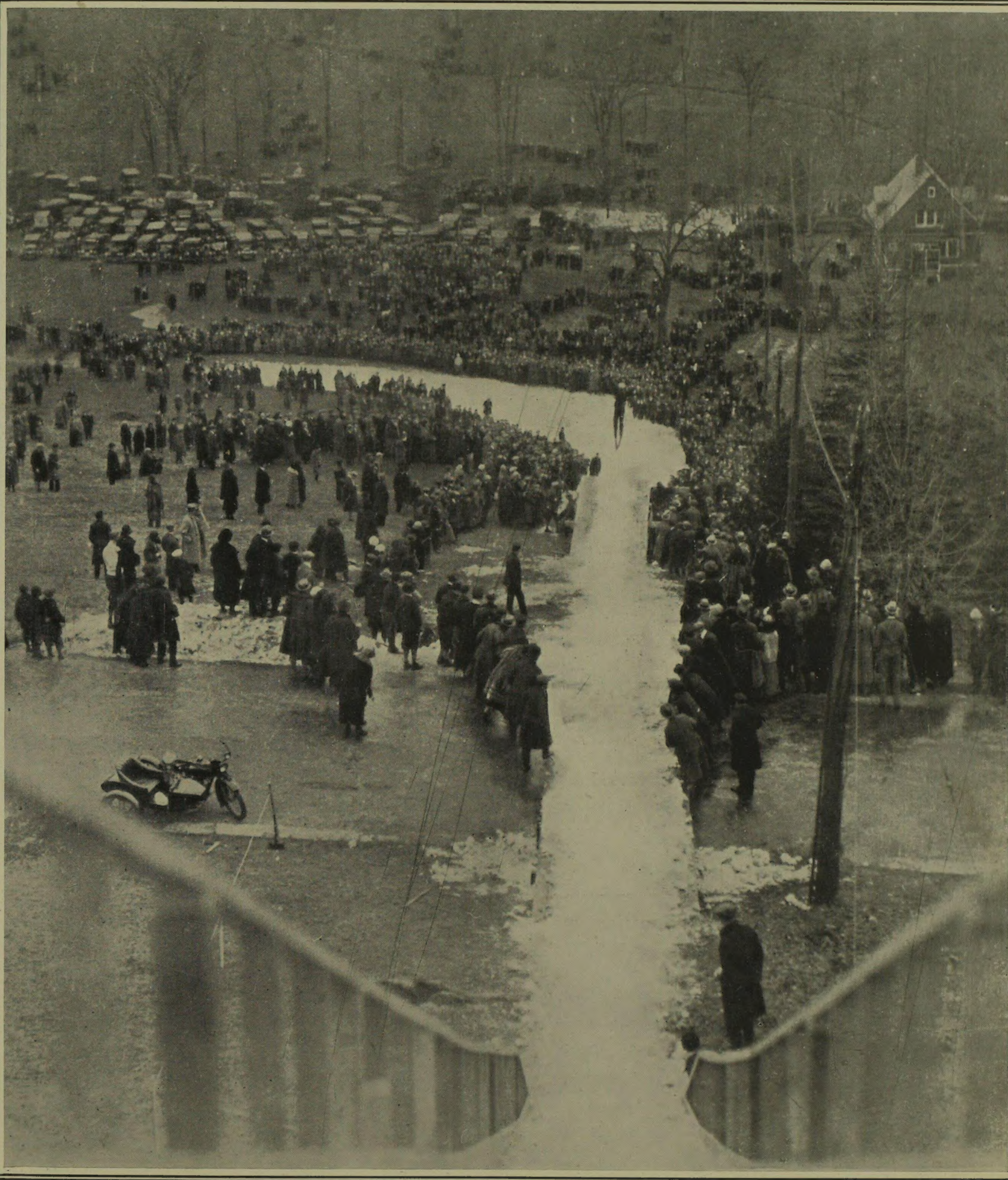
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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1924.

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ON A TRACK LAID WITH SNOW BROUGHT FROM THE ADIRONDACKS: THE U.S. SKI-JUMPING TEAM FOR THE OLYMPIC GAMES PRACTISING NEAR SCARBOROUGH, MAINE—THE U.S. CHAMPION IN MID-AIR.

The unique sight of a ski-jumping event taking place on a snow track specially laid for the purpose, in country otherwise devoid of snow, was recently seen at Briarcliff Lodge, Scarborough, Maine, where the United States team for the Olympic Games winter sports gave the first and only display of their skill before sailing for France. Owing to the mild weather prevailing at Briarcliff, snow had been transported from the Adirondacks. Our photograph shows the American champion, Anders Haugen, in mid-air (centre background) high over the heads

of the spectators after taking off from the jumping platform. A large crowd was present to witness the event. The opening ceremony of the winter sport section of the Eighth Olympiad took place at Chamonix on January 26. The first contest, a 500-metres speed-skating race, was won by an American named Jewtraw in 44 seconds, only three-fifths of a second beyond the world's record. There were twenty-seven competitors, representing ten nations. Long-distance speed-skating events followed.

PHOTOGRAPH BY TOPICAL.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

THE most valuable book we can read, about countries we have visited, is that which recalls to us something that we did notice, but did not notice that we noticed. Mr. Belloc's book on America, "The Contrast," is full of these touches concerning truths that can be corroborated consciously, even when they were absorbed unconsciously. To mention but one of many: in America a man will own the motor of a millionaire, and his house, though large and handsome, will stand in the position of a suburban villa. Trams, called trolleys, go clanking by it every minute; but the noise never pierced my consciousness with the real point of the matter, till I read Mr. Belloc's phrase, that the American rich man wants to be near communications and the English rich man to be far away from them. There is that shadow of truth in our rather vulgar talk of the vulgar ostentation of Americans. It is not so much ostentation as simplicity. The American never wants to hide. But, however it may be with these particular points, I am quite certain that Mr. Belloc is right in insisting that the relation between England and America, or indeed between Europe and America, is above all things a contrast. Curiously enough, I have felt it not only as a contrast with Europe, but even with a corner of Asia.

A horrid word was said to me the other day—a word so shocking that I hardly like to put it down on this page; a word to which I have many very strong objections, one of which is that I have not the faintest notion of what it means. This word was "paradox," and I was accused of this crime (whatever it may be) because I said that I felt much more at home in Palestine than I did in America. I am quite certain that I did feel like that; but this horrible accusation has led me to analyse my feelings. They are not merely feelings of likes or dislikes. As a matter of fact, I like Americans very much. I like their sense of equality and their fighting simplicity and many other things rather wanting in my own civilisation. But that is exactly the point—that even their virtues were strange virtues. If I went to the moon, I might like the Man in the Moon very much. He also might have simplicity, though he might have few opportunities of encouraging social equality. I might enjoy being in the moon more than being in some places on the earth—as in a den of robbers, a committee of financial experts, a millionaire's freak dinner, a scientific congress on eugenics, a temperance meeting, or any other horrible plague-spot on our own planet; but I should still feel it strange to be on another planet; and I really did feel as if I were on another planet when I was in the United States.

I did not feel anything like so strange standing on the soil of the wild tribes beyond the Jordan. I felt they were not indeed of my own religion, perhaps not wholly of my own civilisation, and yet in some larger sense of my history or my past. They were a part of the thing from which we come; of that eastern end of the Mediterranean civilisation with which even the West has always been in contact, and from which it has drawn many elements of its religion and its art. But American things were not, and did not seem, things from which we come. The worst and wildest fancy is that they might be the things to which we are going. There were moments when I did feel as if I were in the one thing more homeless and inhuman than the remotest star, one of the Utopias of the future. The future is always inhuman, as the futurist art is always dehumanised, because there is as yet no human footprint on those

slimy sands of time. But I will put all such philosophising on one side and make the comparison in matters of concrete fact.

Take the most purely materialistic fact, climate or temperature. The Jordan Valley is horribly hot, and the Arabs who have to live there behave just as we should behave if we unfortunately had to live there. They do no work; they sit in the shade; they bathe in the lake. And the whole scene is human and recalls those great sayings long humanised in our own history: "Like as the hart pants for the water-brooks," "The shadow of a great rock in a weary land." In other words, the whole thing is uncomfortable, but it is not unnatural. Go to New York, and you will instantly find a people who artificially manufacture the climate of the Jordan

having the blood of the Red Indian; but heaven keep us from going off into anthropology. I am content to record a fact; I could record a great many other facts drawn from the same scenes. I could point out, for instance, that an Arab playing with his children is very much like any other man playing with his children. But a child at lunch in a New York hotel is not like anything in heaven or earth or in the waters under the earth. But these things involve more disputable details; and I prefer to take another broad comparison—this time not from the extreme of material, but from the extreme of moral things.

For instance, the Moslems and the Mormons are both polygamists. At any rate, if we would eliminate irrelevant dispute, they both were polygamists. But Mormon polygamy was a far more fantastic and outlandish thing than Moslem polygamy. I am not saying it was a more immoral or indefensible thing; that is for the moment a separate matter. Nor am I discussing the other ethical elements in the two cults. As a matter of fact, I believe there was in Mormon society, and I know there was in Moslem society, much that was decidedly admirable in the way of equality and economic fairness. I am merely pointing out that just as we think the Grand Turk sitting in his harem with his turban and scimitar an extravagant or grotesque figure, precisely in that sense Mr. Brigham Young, with his chimney-pot hat and his chin-beard, was really far more extravagant and grotesque. Mahomet permitted polygamy as a concession to human nature; or, as he would put it, a concession to common-sense. Islam is in such things (it has been well said) the religion of the average sensual man; as they would put it, of the average sane man. But there is nothing to show that either Mahomet or Mahometans thought there was anything particularly admirable about the average sensual man indulging his human nature. Moslems do not think a man a saint because he is a polygamist. They do not regard him as holy merely because he has a harem. But the Mormon mysticism is in this a much more amazing mystery. The Mormons talked about the wives of a man being "stars in his crown" in heaven; so that a latter-day saint would walk about with a specially splendid constellation round his head, in honour of the number of times he had broken the law against bigamy. They talked as if it were a positive spiritual superiority to be polygamous. Probably most Moslems would rather respect a man who had been faithful to one monogamous passion. Most Mormons seem to have positively admired a man for gratifying polygamous passions. Now, that is a state of mind infinitely more far-off and fantastic, infinitely more suggestive of a fairyland or

topsy-turvydom, than the rather cynical compromise of Mahomet. It is far more like an idea out of a Lewis Carroll story or a Gilbertian opera. And anybody who knows anything of Americans can feel quite certain that most of the Mormons were sincere. They were sincere as only serious Americans can be sincere. And though, of course, only a tiny minority of Americans would ever have dreamed of being Mormons, it is none the less true that there was something very American in the Mormon crimes and not less in the Mormon virtues. It is something that there is in lynching and the Ku Klux Klan, and even in the college yell; something that is not in the English. And I am sure Mr. Belloc is right in suggesting that it is only as a contrast to the English that this American spirit can be understood—or even admired.



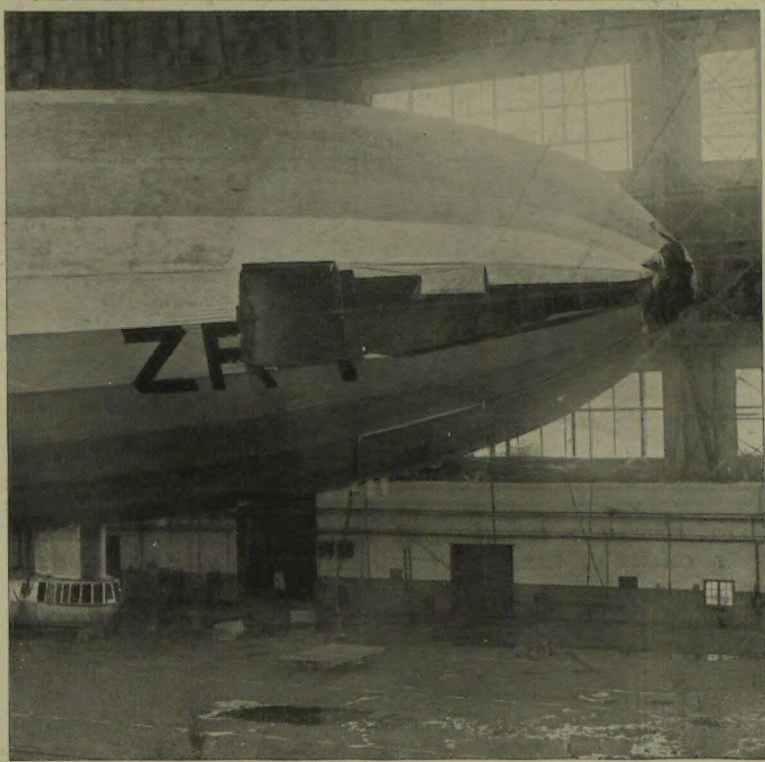
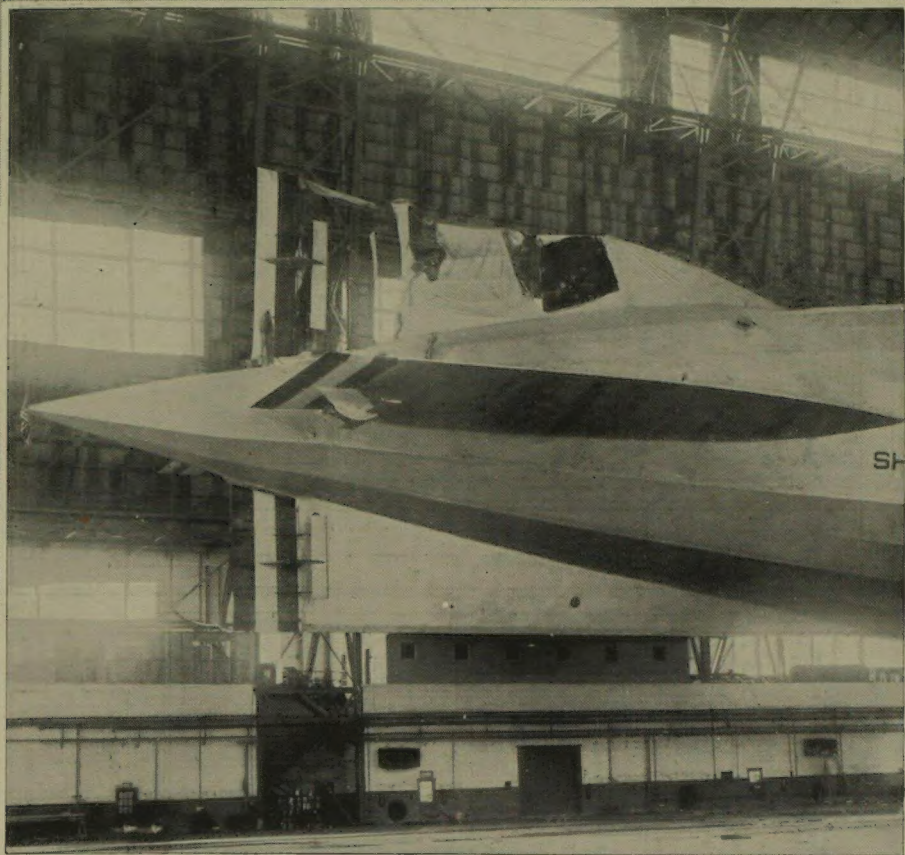
THE IMPERIAL WEDDING AT TOKYO: THE BRIDE, PRINCESS NAGAKO, AND THE BRIDE-GROOM, THE CROWN PRINCE HIROHITO, PRINCE REGENT OF JAPAN.

The wedding of the Crown Prince Hirohito, Prince Regent of Japan, and his kinswoman, Princess Nagako, took place before the Ancestral Shrine, the Place of Awe, in the Palace of the Emperors, at Tokyo, on January 26. The Crown Prince, who was born on April 29, 1901, was constituted Regent on November 25, 1921, owing to the continued ill-health of the Emperor. He is in favour of democratisation. The Imperial bride, who is twenty-one, is descended on her father's side from a former Emperor of Japan, and on her mother's side from the Shamazu family, head of the old feudal clan of Satsuma. She was educated at the Peeresses' School, and has studied French, foreign politics in general, and economics. She likes poetry, music and painting.—[Photographs by Harris, and Central News.]

Valley in their houses and hotels. They deliberately make their own homes as hot as the Jordan Valley, which in this criticism may almost be regarded as a euphemism. They do not submit to it or put up with it, as the Arabs do. They do not make the best of it; but make it, because they regard it as the best. That means that the mere physical being of an American is far more remote than that of an Arab. He has some feeling about health or comfort or bodily well-being which is much more different from mine than that of an Arab. Even if we adopt a biological explanation of psychological things (and God forbid that we should be such fools as that), still even as a biological animal there seems to be something more foreign and fantastic about the Transatlantic man than about the Transjordanian man. Some people say there really is another race

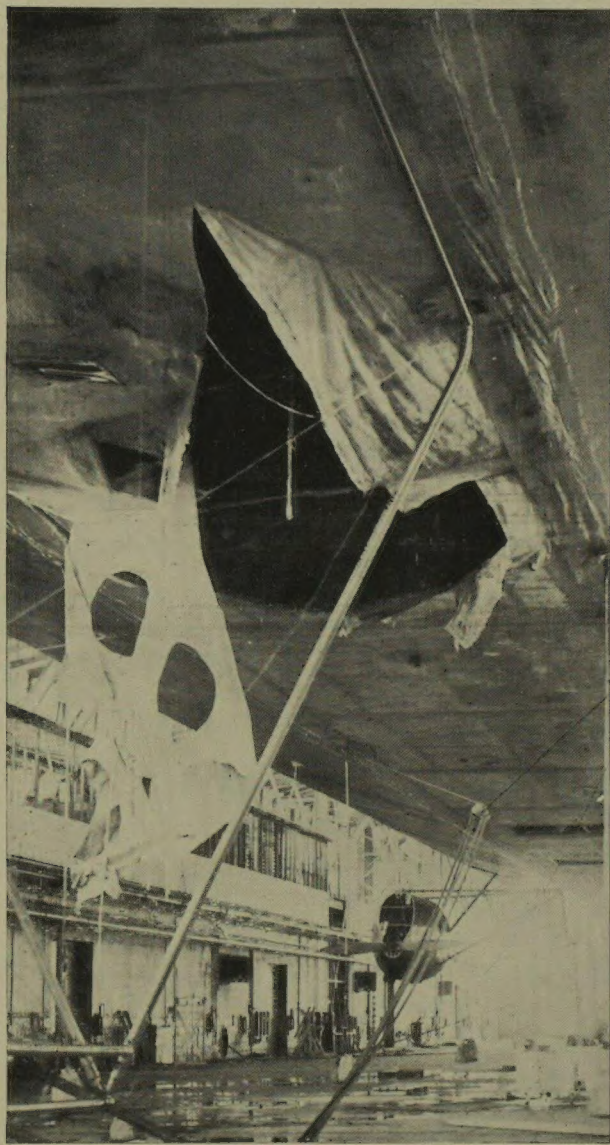
TORN AND STORM-BLOWN, BUT SAFE: THE DAMAGED "SHENANDOAH."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY P. AND A., SUPPLIED BY C.N.

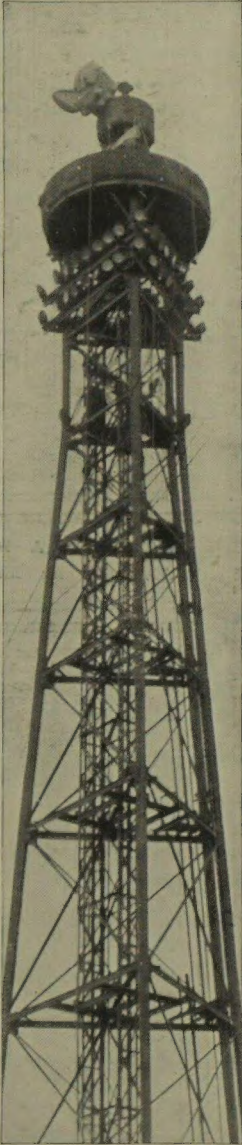


WITH A GREAT RENT ALONG THE SIDE AS WELL AS A TORN-OFF "NOSE": THE "SHENANDOAH" BACK IN HANGAR.

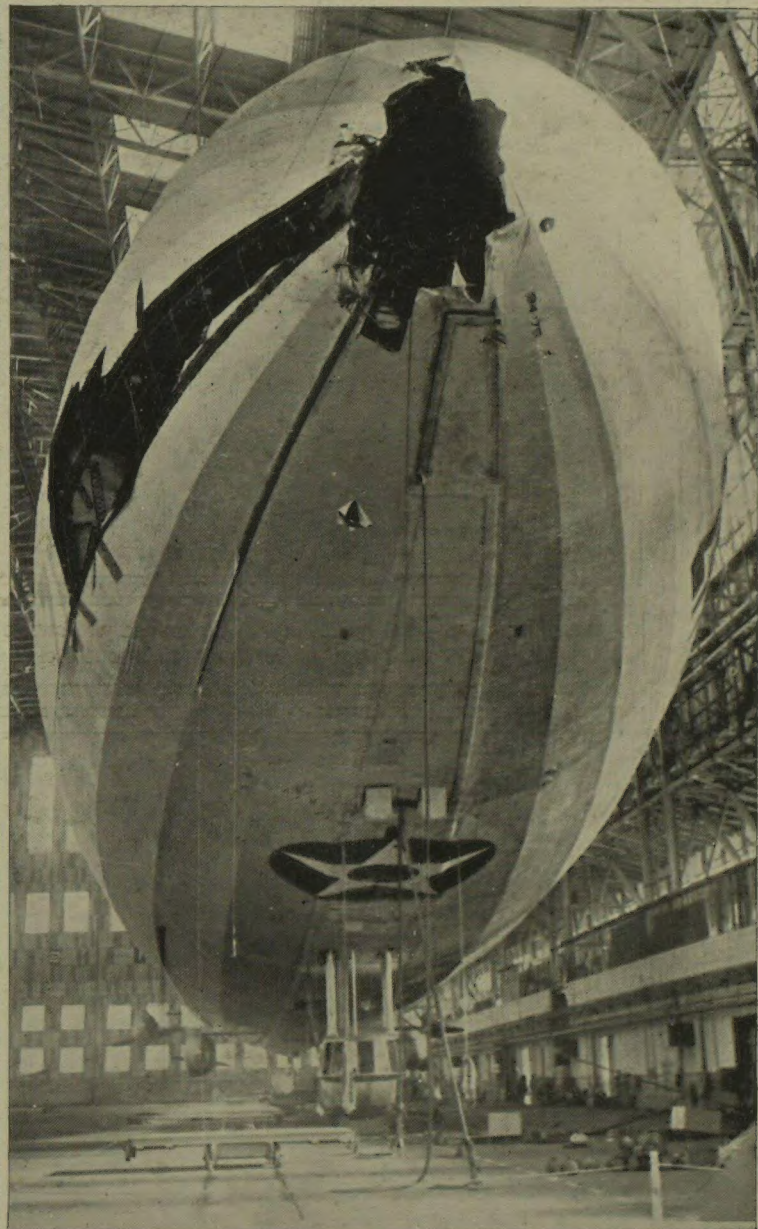
SHOWING THE RIPPED TAIL-FIN WHICH INTERFERED WITH HER NAVIGATION: THE DAMAGED U.S. DIRIGIBLE "SHENANDOAH" BROUGHT SAFELY BACK INTO HER HANGAR.



SHOWING A GREAT RENT CAUSED WHEN SHE BROKE LOOSE FROM HER MOORING-MAST: THE "SHENANDOAH."



WITH THE AIR-SHIP'S CAP: THE MOORING-MAST.



WITH TWO OF HER HELIUM CHAMBERS RIPPED OPEN AS WELL AS THE BOW-CAP TORN AWAY: THE "SHENANDOAH" IN HANGAR.

The United States naval dirigible "Shenandoah," the largest in the service, broke loose from her mooring-mast at Lakehurst, New Jersey, in a violent gale on January 16, and disappeared, with a crew of 22 officers and men on board. Communication was established with her from a broadcasting station at Newark, and many cheerful messages were received. After being carried sixty miles from her base, she fought her way back and landed safely the next afternoon—a great feat of aerial navigation. She was piloted by Captain Anton Heinen, a Zeppelin expert. Nothing that occurred, it was reported, will prevent her contemplated

trip this summer to the North Polar regions, which the U.S. Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Denby, has stated "should be the property of the United States," and contains territory valuable as an aeroplane base. In our issue of January 26 we gave a photograph of the airship attached to her mooring-mast, and also a portrait of the pilot. The fact (shown in the above photographs) that the damage was greater than appeared from the first accounts, which said that only the nose-cap had been torn away, renders still more creditable the success of the pilot and crew in bringing the airship back to hangar.

WAR TIME IN MEXICO CITY: TROOPS AND PRESIDENT GO TO THE FRONT.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY A. LILIUS, WAR PHOTOGRAPHER WITH THE MEXICAN FEDERAL STAFF.



ON THEIR WAY TO THE FRONT AGAINST THE HUERTA INSURGENTS: A COLUMN OF MEXICAN FEDERAL ARTILLERY LEAVING MEXICO CITY.



AMMUNITION BOUGHT BY THE FEDERALS FROM THE UNITED STATES: CASES OF WINCHESTER CARTRIDGES, GUARDED BY A MEXICAN SENTRY.



OFFICIAL REJOICINGS TO CELEBRATE A FEDERAL VICTORY OVER THE INSURGENTS: A MILITARY BAND PLAYING IN THE COURTYARD OF THE WAR DEPARTMENT IN MEXICO CITY, WITH AN AUDIENCE LISTENING FROM THE BALCONY ABOVE.



WHERE THE VIRTUE OF PATIENCE IS PUT TO THE TEST: THE WAITING-ROOM OF THE WAR OFFICE IN THE CAPITAL OF MEXICO.



THE PRESIDENT OF MEXICO LEAVES FOR THE FRONT: GENERAL OBREGON ENTERING HIS CAR OUTSIDE THE NATIONAL PALACE IN MEXICO CITY.

At the moment of writing there has been little news for the last few days about the civil war in Mexico between the Federal troops of President Obregon's Government and the insurgent forces of Señor de la Huerta. It was reported that on January 19 the Federals launched a long-awaited general advance against General Estrada in Jalisco, and that on the 20th they began their march through United States territory for re-entry into Mexico, a movement which President Obregon expected to prove a decisive factor in the operations. By that date, it was stated, he had received the bulk of the arms bought from the United States Government. This sale of war material, combined with the despatch of seven

United States war-ships to Mexican waters (to protect American and foreign interests), and the permission to move troops through U.S. territory in Texas, Arizona, and New Mexico, was regarded by the insurgents as a prelude to a declaration that the United States would uphold the Obregon Government at any cost. On January 22 it was stated that Mr. Hughes, U.S. Secretary of State, had sent an ultimatum to Señor de la Huerta warning him that the United States would "adopt appropriate measures to protect its commerce" if mines were sown in Mexican waters. On the same day further sales of arms were authorised. The insurgents under General Estrada were reported at that time to be gaining ground.

FROM FAR AND NEAR: MEMORABLE EVENTS IN EUROPE AND JAPAN.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MANUEL (PARIS), SWAINE, TOPICAL, AND C.N.



THE REPARATIONS COMMISSION'S SECOND COMMITTEE OF EXPERTS SITTING IN PARIS: (L. TO R.) M. JANSSEN (BELGIUM), MR. HENRY ROBINSON (U.S.A.), MR. McKENNA (BRITAIN), PRESIDING, AND M. LAURENT-ATTHALIN (FRANCE)



"LEAST DISTURBED" BY A LABOUR GOVERNMENT: THE PRINCE OF WALES (LEFT), WITH MR. J. H. THOMAS—PART OF A GROUP.



HOLDING THE STICK PISTOL FIRED AT THE PRINCE REGENT, AND THE ASSAILANT'S CAP: A JAPANESE SOLDIER.



THE PRINCE REGENT'S ASSAILANT, DAISUKE NAMBA (HATLESS, IN CENTRE), SEIZED BY JAPANESE POLICE AFTER THE OUTRAGE IN TOKIO: A DRAMATIC PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE EFFORTS OF A CROWD TO LYNCH HIM.



AFTER SIGNING THE ADRIATIC TREATY BETWEEN ITALY AND YUGO-SLAVIA: (RIGHT TO LEFT) SIGNOR MUSSOLINI, M. PASHITCH, AND M. NINEVITCH, LEAVING THE PALAZZO CHIGI, IN ROME.



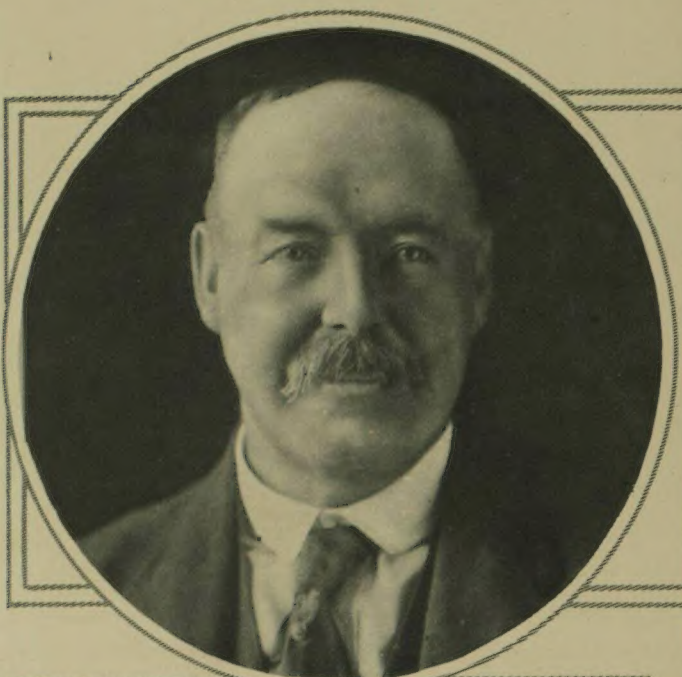
MEDIATORS IN THE RECENT RAILWAY STRIKE: THE TRADES UNION CONGRESS EMERGENCY COMMITTEE (L. TO R.) MESSRS. F. BRAMLEY, G. HICKS, A. A. PURCELL, M.P., A. B. SWALES, AND A. G. WALKDEN.

Our first photograph shows Mr. Reginald McKenna (an ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer) presiding at a meeting in Paris of the Second Committee of Experts appointed by the Reparations Commission to inquire into the question of "exported" German capital.—At the Australia Day luncheon to the Prince of Wales at the Hotel Cecil on January 28, Mr. J. H. Thomas, the new Colonial Secretary, speaking of the advent of Labour to power, said: "Many people had been apprehensive. The least apprehensive was their guest of that day—the Prince of Wales. The only exception to him I would make would be his illustrious and distinguished father. They were the least disturbed of all people, because they were the most wise. They were the most wise because they knew their people better than others did, because they had long recognised that

patriotism, love of Empire, service and duty were not the monopoly of any class or creed." Next (on right) to Mr. Thomas was Sir Joseph Cook.—The Prince Regent of Japan was fired at in Tokio on December 27, while driving to open the Diet, by a young student named Daisuke Namba, said to be a son of a Member of the Diet. The Prince was unhurt, but his Chamberlain was slightly injured. The assailant and a companion were immediately seized by the police.—The Adriatic Treaty between Italy and Yugo-Slavia was signed by Signor Mussolini and M. Pashitch (Premier of Yugo-Slavia) at the Palazzo Chigi, Rome, on January 27.—The railway strike was settled on January 29. Mr. Bramley (seen in our photograph), as Secretary of the Trades Union Congress Council, sent a message of sympathy to Moscow on the death of Lenin.

SOVIET RUSSIA: LENIN; JOINT-PRESIDENTS? THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR.

PHOTOGRAPH OF THE LENIN BUST BY MONGER AND MARCHANT; THAT OF THE LYING-IN-STATE BY P. AND A.; OTHERS BY RUSSELL, TOPICAL, G.P.A., AND C.N.



NAMED AS BRITISH AMBASSADOR TO MOSCOW, ON THE RECOGNITION OF THE SOVIET: MR. JAMES O'GRADY.



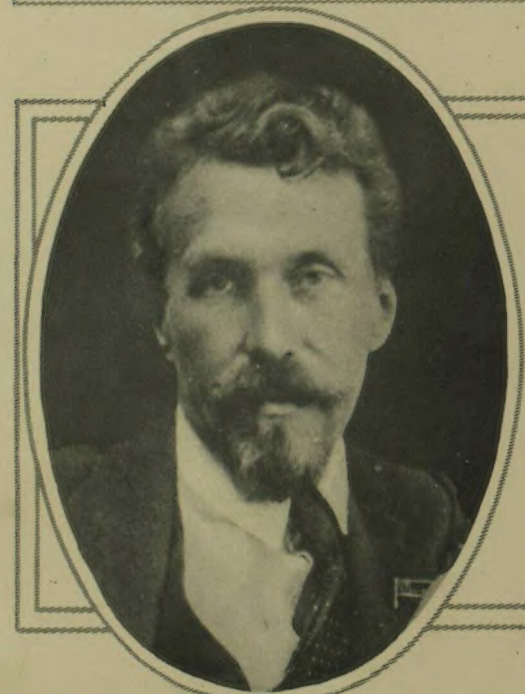
HEAD OF BOLSHEVISM AND DICTATOR OF SOVIET RUSSIA: THE LATE NIKOLAI LENIN, OTHERWISE VLADIMIR ILYICH ULIANOFF; WITH HIS WIFE AND TWO OF HIS NEPHEWS.



"HIS SCREWED-UP LOOK. WONDERFUL. NO ONE ELSE HAS SUCH A LOOK": LENIN; SCULPTURED BY MRS CLARE SHERIDAN.



TO BE ON VIEW FOR YEARS IN A GLASS-LIDDED COFFIN: THE EMBALMED BODY OF LENIN, "DRESSED IN HIS ORDINARY GREY SUIT," LYING IN STATE.



NAMED AS ONE OF THE THREE JOINT-PRESIDENTS OF THE SOVIET PEOPLE'S COMMISSARIES: M. RYKOFF.



NAMED AS ONE OF THE THREE JOINT-PRESIDENTS OF THE SOVIET PEOPLE'S COMMISSARIES: M. KAMENEFF.



NAMED AS ONE OF THE THREE JOINT-PRESIDENTS OF THE SOVIET PEOPLE'S COMMISSARIES: M. TSURUPA.

Nikolai Lenin, otherwise Vladimir Ilyich Ulianoff, Dictator of Soviet Russia, and responsible, in company with Trotsky, more particularly, for the terrors of Bolshevism, died at Gorky, near Moscow, on January 21. He first fell ill towards the end of 1921. He was born on April 10, 1870, and all his life his occupation was revolution. His funeral took place on January 27 in Moscow, where he lay in state three days.—It was evident, as soon as the Labour Party came into power in this country, that a move towards the recognition of Soviet Russia would be made. At the time of writing, it is understood that this recognition will be one of the first acts of the new Government; and it was announced the other day that Mr. James O'Grady, the Labour Member for

South-East Leeds, would be British Ambassador, or Minister, in Moscow. It was Mr. O'Grady, it will be remembered, who was a Government delegate to Russia in 1917, when he was requested to negotiate with Soviet Russia for the exchange of war prisoners, etc.; while in 1921-22 he was the chief of the Russian Relief Commission in the Volga Valley, organised by the International Federation of Trade Unionists. It was further announced on January 24, by M. Chicherin, the Russian Foreign Minister, that the Congress of Soviets would appoint MM. Kameneff, Rykoff, and Tsurupa to the joint Presidency of the Soviet People's Commissaries, in succession to Lenin, but there has since been a movement in favour of M. Chicherin being chosen to succeed him.

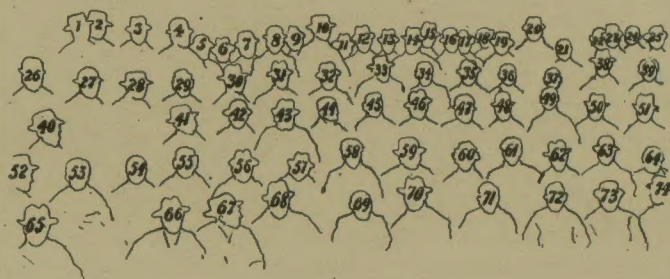
LABOUR IN POWER: A "TERRACE" GROUP; MINISTERIAL APPOINTMENTS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BARRATT'S, PHOTOPRESS, VANDYK, LIZZIE CASWALL SMITH, WALTER SCOTT (BRADFORD), ELLIOTT AND FRY, AND C.N.

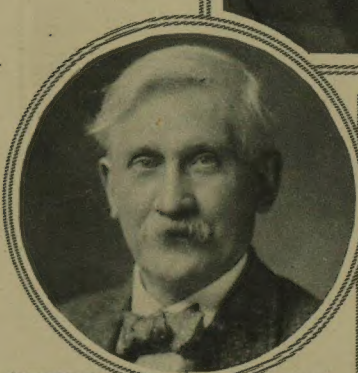
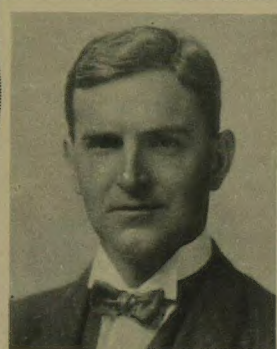


1. A. GREENWOOD.
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3. R. F. JACKSON.
4. J. RITSON.
5. W. WINDSOR.
6. J. SULLIVAN.
7. R. SPENCE.
8. S. F. PERRY.
9. A. A. PURCELL.
10. W. H. AYLES.
11. W. LEACH.
12. MAJ. A. G. CHURCH.
13. W. M. ADAMSON.
14. F. LEE.
15. ERNEST THURLE.
16. A. CLARKE.
17. W. BRONFIELD.
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19. J. WESTWOOD.
20. J. COMPTON.
21. G. EDWARDS.
22. J. HAYES.
23. W. M. WATSON.
24. ARTHUR HOCKLEY,
Assist. Sec., Parl.
Lab. Party.
25. R. CLIMIE.
26. R. SMILLIE.
27. W. W. HENDERSON.
28. G. ISAACS.
29. G. H. OLIVER.
30. J. P. GARDNER.
31. C. H. SITCH.
32. T. GREENALL.
33. F. H. ROSE.
34. W. PALING.
35. J. GUEST.
36. F. GOULD.

(Continued opposite.)

THE PRIME MINISTER AND SOME OF HIS SUPPORTERS: LABOUR M.P.'S ON THE TERRACE OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.
(KEY TO NAMES BELOW.)

37. A. SHORT.
38. T. KENNEDY.
39. MISS SUSAN LAWRENCE.
40. SIDNEY WEBB.
41. DR. J. H. WILLIAMS.
42. R. MURRAY.
43. R. RICHARDSON.
44. E. T. PALMER.
45. A. V. ALEXANDER.
46. J. J. LAWSON.
47. J. TOOLE.
48. J. BROWN.
49. V. L. MCENTEE.
50. T. GAVAN DUFFY.
51. REV. H. DUNNICO.
52. C. G. AMMON.
53. W. ADAMSON.
54. W. LUNN.
55. FRANK HODGES.
56. STEPHEN WALSH.
57. J. R. CLYNES.
58. J. RAMSAY MACDONALD.
59. ARTHUR HENDERSON.
60. NEIL MACLEAN.
61. JOHN ROBERTSON.
62. TOM GRIFFITHS.
63. W. MACKINDER.
64. MISS M. BONDFIELD.
65. B. SMITH.
66. F. A. BROAD.
67. COL. J. WEDGWOOD.
68. JAMES O'GRADY.
69. HERBERT MORRISON.
70. L. MACNEILL WEIR.
71. J. A. PARKINSON.
72. J. TINKER.
73. RHYS DAVIES.
74. B. C. SPOOR.

MR. STEPHEN WALSH, M.P.
Secretary of State for War.MR. F. W. JOWETT, M.P.
First Commissioner of Works.MR. THOMAS SHAW, M.P.
Minister of Labour.MR. ARTHUR PONSONBY, M.P.
Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.MR. HARRY GOSLING, M.P.
Minister of Transport.MR. FRANK HODGES, M.P.
Civil Lord of the Admiralty.MR. JOHN JAMES LAWSON, M.P.
Financial Secretary to the War Office.SIR SYDNEY OLIVIER.
Secretary of State for India.

The eight portraits given below the large group are of Labour Ministers not included in our forecast of last week. On another page we give a portrait of Lord Chelmsford, First Lord of the Admiralty. The list of the principal Ministerial appointments is as follows: First Lord of the Treasury and Foreign Secretary, Mr. Ramsay Macdonald; Lord Privy Seal and Deputy Leader of the House, Mr. J. R. Clynes; Lord President of the Council, Lord Parmoor; Lord Chancellor, Viscount Haldane; Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Philip Snowden; Home Secretary, Mr. Arthur Henderson; Colonial Secretary, Mr. J. H. Thomas; Secretary for War, Mr. Stephen Walsh; Secretary for India, Sir Sydney Olivier; Secretary for Air, Brig.-Gen. C. B. Thomson; First Lord of the Admiralty, Viscount Chelmsford; President of the Board of Trade, Mr. Sidney Webb;

Minister of Health, Mr. John Wheatley; Minister of Agriculture, Mr. Noel Buxton; Secretary for Scotland, Mr. Wm. Adamson; President of the Board of Education, Mr. C. P. Trevelyan; Minister of Labour, Mr. Thomas Shaw; Postmaster-General, Mr. Vernon Hartshorn; Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, Colonel Josiah Wedgwood; First Commissioner of Works, Mr. F. W. Jowett; Minister of Transport, Mr. Harry Gosling; Civil Lord of the Admiralty, Mr. Frank Hodges; Minister of Pensions, Mr. F. O. Roberts; Attorney General, Mr. Patrick Hastings, K.C.; Solicitor General, Mr. Hy. H. Slessor, K.C.; Financial Secretary to the Treasury, Mr. W. Graham; Financial Secretary to War Office, Mr. J. J. Lawson; Parliamentary Secretary to Treasury and Chief Whip, Mr. B. C. Spoor. The Under-Secretaries of State and Parliamentary Secretaries have also been appointed.

THE HIGHEST THAMES FLOODS SINCE PRE-WAR DAYS: CANOES, PUNTS, AND "WADERS" IN ROADS AND GARDENS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL, C.N., AND TOPICAL.



THE UNCONCERN OF CHILDHOOD, WHICH TAKES THINGS AS IT FINDS THEM: WHEELING A "PRAM" IN A FLOODED ROAD AT BOURNE END.



BOYS FIND IT GREAT FUN TO SAIL A BOAT IN THE GARDEN BUNGALOWS AT BOURNE END LOOK MORE LIKE HOUSE-BOATS AT THE RIVER'S EDGE.



A BOURNE END WOMAN WEARS WADERS TO ATTEND TO TRADESMEN: A CALL FROM THE BAKER, WITH HIS PHILOSOPHICAL STEED.



PULLING CABBAGES THAT RESEMBLE WATER-LILIES ON A FOND: AT WORK IN WADING-BOOTS IN A VEGETABLE GARDEN AT BOURNE END.



WHERE THE PAINT ON THE POST-BOX WAS NOT THE ONLY THING THAT WAS WET: A GIRL IN WADERS POSTING A LETTER AT BOURNE END.



WHERE A FALSE STEP MIGHT MEAN A DIP IN DEEP WATER: WALKING ALONG THE "TOW PATH" NEAR SONNING.



CANOING IN A BOURNE END GARDEN CONVERTED INTO AN ORNAMENTAL LAKE, WITH A BIRD-SHAPED TOPIARY TREE LOOKING LIKE A FLOATING FOWL!



GOING ABOUT THE GARDEN IN A CANADIAN CANOE: PADDLING THROUGH A RUSTIC ARCH WITH PICTURESQUE EFFECT.



WHERE THE HENS PERHAPS WISHED THEY WERE DUCKS: FEEDING THE POULTRY UNDER DIFFICULTIES AT EGHAM.



Heavy rains towards the end of January caused extensive floods in the Thames Valley, and we illustrate here some of the remarkable scenes that ensued at various up-river places. On January 27, after a cessation of rain, the floods began to subside. The chairman of the Thames Conservancy Board, Lord Desborough, said: "The high spring tides, such as are now taking place, have the effect of blocking the water back at Teddington Weir. . . . The total area drained by the Thames is 3812 square miles, and 1 inch of rain over this area is equal to a body of water 670 miles long, 250 ft. wide, and 10 ft. deep." On January 26 the "Times" stated: "Between Boulter's Lock and Maidenhead Bridge the Thames is 4 ft. 8 in. above the normal. In many places between Bray and Bourne End, riverside gardens, roads, and meadows are submerged. Bourne End is practically cut off from Maidenhead

and London by road and rail. . . . If the water rises higher it may be necessary to organize an air service for the marooned villagers. Tradesmen and postmen use boats and punts and waders to get to some of the riverside houses. . . . The Thames has overflowed its banks in scores of places between Windsor and Sunbury, submerging in some places roads, in others towpaths, and hundreds of acres of adjacent land. The main road from Windsor to Egham is covered to a depth of 18 inches. Huge lakes are forming alongside many reaches. . . . On Thursday (January 24) the Thames rose 4½ inches, and has reached the highest point since pre-war days." On January 27 it was stated that the level of the river was then steadily subsiding. In the Reading district, for example, it had fallen six inches in twenty-four hours.

Fred. Roberts and the "Pandies": A Packet of Letters.

"LETTERS WRITTEN DURING THE INDIAN MUTINY BY FRED. ROBERTS, AFTERWARDS F.M. EARL ROBERTS, V.C., K.G.*

FREDERICK SLEIGH ROBERTS, the Sir Timothy Valliant of his sisters' nicknaming, was born at Cawnpore on Sept. 30, 1832, a small and delicate child. "While still in India," his daughter records, "he nearly died from an attack of brain-fever, and when he was given up by the doctors his father saved his life by resorting to a curious remedy. Recalling the practice of the hill-women, who, when at work in the fields, leave their babies by a stream and induce sleep by arranging for a gentle and continuous flow of water over their heads, he applied a similar soporific to his son; but the illness left its effect, for it deprived the boy of the sight of his right eye."

That was before the Field-Marshal, Earl, V.C., and Knight of the Garter of the future was four. Sixteen years later, after brief spells at Eton, at Sandhurst, and at Addiscombe, the training college for the Army of the Honourable East India Company, he was a "gunner" in India, backed by a gold watch and fifty pounds given to him by his father. His "Forty-One Years in India" deals with his career from the hour at which he landed at Calcutta as a subaltern to that at which he left Bombay after having been Commander-in-Chief for nearly eight years. "Since his death a packet of letters, labelled in his own handwriting 'Letters written during the Mutiny by Fred. Roberts,' has come to light. In these letters, thirty in number, is to be found the story of his personal experiences and adventures during the stirring days of 1857-58 as told to his father, mother, and sister."

The campaign was his first, and it disclosed the ambitious soldier, "in high glee at the thoughts of service"; eagerly and youthfully critical of O.C.'s; keen for medals and, especially, the Victoria Cross; pitying the innocent who suffer in time of war; convinced that the extremest severity is permissible if justice be served and Peace be the result.

The letter of May 14, 1857, written from Peshawar, acknowledges lack of definite information, only "a short electric telegraph message" having come through, as a prelude to the cutting of the wires; but it says, significantly enough, "all confidence in the native Army is at an end, and the most decided measures and strenuous exertions will only save India now."

Eight days later, Fred. Roberts wrote:

"I am sure you have been astonished at the news the last two mails must have taken home—the mutiny of the Sepoys all thought so faithful and true, nasty scoundrels. They have shown themselves at heart to be worse than even our enemies. No Sikh or Afghan ever abused and killed our women and children as these wretches have done. . . . The 10th N.I. were disbanded, as you will have read, for gross mutiny, but our imbecile Government, instead of treating the men as mutineers, paid them up, let them keep their uniforms!! and saw them safely across the river. The General Officer, poor fellow!! on reading the order to dismiss them shed tears!! The cartridges have been, I believe, at the bottom of the whole affair."

How deeply he felt the need for the strong hand may be judged from a note of June 11, dated from Camp Amritsur: "We have come along this far, doing a little business on the road such as disarming Regiments and executing mutineers. The death that seems to have the most effect is being blown from a

gun. It is rather a horrible sight, but in these times we cannot be particular. Drum-Head Courts-Martial are the order of the day in every station, and had they begun this régime a little earlier, one half of the destruction and mutiny would have been saved. . . . I believe I am promoted in the room of some of the poor fellows who have lost their lives by these gallant Sepoys! but I would far rather remain a 2nd Lieut. all my life than rise through such horrid means. . . . A man (a native) who was at Delhi during the massacre told me he saw 8 ladies let out, and shot one after the other, they nearly all had children with them, who were killed before their eyes. So I don't think Poorbea Sepoys deserve much pity, nor do they find it."

From the camp before Delhi, he wrote that he had been wounded during a fight with the "Pandies": "I got shot in the back, just where my waistbelt goes. Most fortunately, thro' God's mercy, I had a small leather pouch on my belt. The bullet went just thro' the middle of this, thro' my trousers and shirt, and made a small hole in my back. . . . Fortunately, the ball just missed the spine."

Here it should be added that "the mutineers came to be known by the name of a Sepoy of the 34th Native Infantry, Mungal Pandey, who was the first insurgent to be executed. He attacked and wounded the Adjutant and Sergeant-Major of his

the King's small Durbar room. Everybody was turned out of the City, and all the houses were plundered. A very necessary punishment, but at the same time a sad sight to see old women and little children who had probably never stirred out of their houses before making for one of the gates and leaving their homes."

By that, the young soldier was anticipating his medals—two—but he was still more interested in Cawnpore.

Writing from the camp there, on October 27, he said: "The place where Sir H. Wheeler defended himself is the most perfect ruin from round shot that I have ever seen—2 small barracks with an apology of a ditch, not eno' to keep a bullet out—such lamentable infatuation. They say poor Wheeler was afraid to build himself a strong position for fear of exciting suspicion amongst the natives. . . . Many ladies were killed, others wounded. The survivors were kept in a miserable house, not fit for dogs, until the evening before our troops reached Cawnpore, when they were all murdered. God only knows how. The natives say that the children were hanged before their mothers, and that when all had been wounded by shots from the Sepoys, butchers were sent in to finish the bloody business. There were about 200 altogether—women and children. The floor now is strewn with clothes, shoes, etc., and the ground

from the house to the well, where the remains were thrown down, is covered with locks of hair. Oh, Mother, looking at those horrible sights makes one feel very, very sad. No wonder we all feel glad to kill these Sepoys. What the unfortunate women and children must have suffered."

In the same letter is: "The 93rd Highlanders marched in this morning, looking so nice in the kilts. The natives think they are the ghosts of the murdered women, but the sailors astonish them most—'4 ft. high, 4 ft. broad, long hair, and dragging big guns!!' They can't make them out."

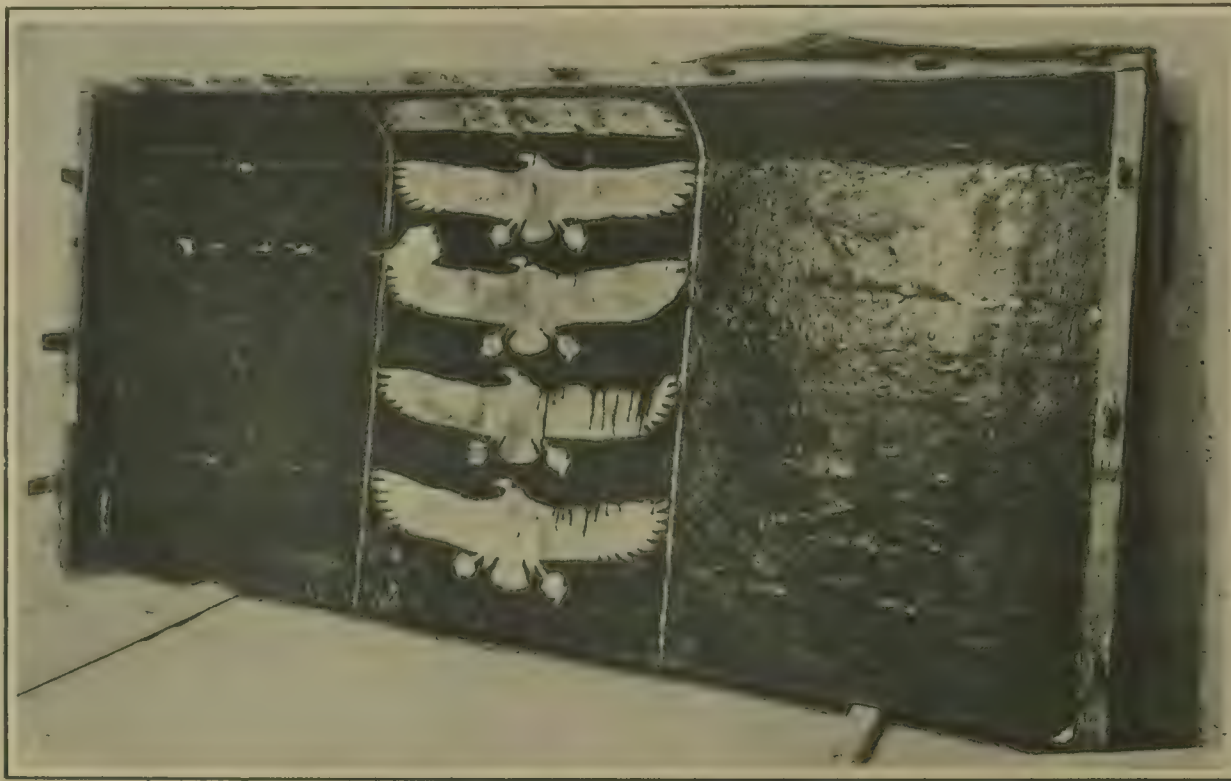
Very human touches follow: "My 1st Lieut. dates from June last, which makes my pay Rupees 565 a month, so I hope, darling Mother, to save a little money during the next 2 or 3 years, and then go home to see all you dear ones. Once I get pay for this year, all my debts will be settled, and I shall start 1858 clear!!" And:

"Give darling Harriet my very best love for her nice songs. They seem to be very pretty, but I must wait until I see Maggie Boisragon to have them played over to me, as I have not even my flute here." Then, under the date of February 11, 1858: "My own Mother, I have such a piece of news for you, I have been recommended for the 'Victoria Cross.' The letter says for 'repeated gallantry in the field, more especially on the 2nd Jan., 1858, when Lieut. Fred. Roberts captured a rebel standard, killing the Standard Bearer, and on the same day saved the life of an Irregular Cavalryman by cutting down a Sepoy who was attacking him with a musket and Bayonet.' Is not this glorious? How pleased it will make the General. Such a Medal to wear with 'For Valour' scrolled on it."

Next, on the 28th of March "My side has been so painful all night that I have been ordered 40 leeches": and in due time leave for fifteen months.

That by way of introduction to a volume of intimate interest, to letters of self-revelation which cannot fail to appeal and are of peculiar value in that they are the expression of one who, antipathetic to India then, thanks to the crimes of the Mutiny, came to regard it as "the wonderful land of his adoption."

E. H. G.



WHERE NEGLIGENT WORK ON TUTANKHAMEN'S SHRINE WAS REVEALED AFTER 3200 YEARS: THE INSIDE OF THE FIRST ROOF SECTION OF THE OUTER SHRINE, DECORATED WITH PROTECTIVE GILT VULTURES AND GILT SUN-RAYS
ABOVE—THE FIRST DETAIL PHOTOGRAPH.

The dismantling of the outer shrine was completed on January 23. When the roof sections were removed, Mr. Howard Carter found evidence of haste and negligence on the part of the ancient workmen who put them together 3200 years ago. Thus, we read: "The inside of the roof is decorated down the centre with a series of gilt vultures with outstretched wings, but, whereas on the front and rear sections these birds faced the door, those on the middle section faced the back of the shrine. It is evident that a mistake was made either in placing in position the roof sections, or in applying their decoration, and no one troubled to get it corrected."

The "Times" World Copyright Photograph by Mr. Harry Burton, of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, Expedition; Lent by Courtesy of the Trustees and the Director of the Egyptian Department.

regiment, and a court composed of Indian officers unanimously found him guilty."

The camp pleased Roberts: "Our position here is certainly, by Nature, a wonderfully secure one, and if the 'Pandies' could not have found a better place than Delhi as the Headquarters of their Mutiny, with an unlimited Magazine at their disposal, I doubt if we could have been so well off anywhere"—yet he had to record: "The Pandies can afford reliefs, which we cannot, and on some occasions our men have been on the *qui vive* for 60 hours at a time."

It was while he was there that news came of the massacres at Cawnpore; and of the cholera and fever there. Again: no wonder that revenge was the word of the hour: "We give no quarter, every single man we find is killed."

Then: "Inside Delhi"; after breaching and storming and street-fighting; the blowing up of the Cashmere Gate by means of powder bags to which the sappers held port-fires; and with a loss of some 1574 officers and men. The Palace was entered. Roberts noted: "Powder bags were then brought up, and away went the gates of the Great Mogul. In we all rushed, killing every man we came across, which, however, were but few, and that night Headquarters were moved to the Palace, and we dined in

* "Letters Written during the Indian Mutiny by Fred. Roberts, Lieutenant, Bengal Horse Artillery, and Deputy Assistant Quarter-master-General of the Delhi Field Force, afterwards Field-Marshal Earl Roberts, V.C., K.G." With a Preface by his daughter, Countess Roberts. (Macmillan: 10s. 6d. net.)

PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS: INTERNATIONAL "RUGGER" AND HOCKEY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RUSSELL, BASSANO, G.P.U., I.B., A. WINTER (PRESTON), L.N.A., SPORT AND GENERAL, AND TOPICAL.



CHAIRMAN OF THE NEW COMMISSION OF FINE ARTS: THE EARL OF CRAWFORD.



A LABOUR MEMBER'S DEATH: THE LATE MR. DAN IRVING, M.P.



ENGLISH LADIES DEFEAT AMERICAN LADIES AT HOCKEY BY 11 GOALS TO 1: THE TWO TEAMS AND UMPIRES AT MERTON ABBEY (ENGLAND ON THE LEFT; AMERICA ON THE RIGHT).



A WELL-KNOWN COTTON MAGNATE: THE LATE SIR FRANK HOLLINS, BT.



FIRST PRESIDENT OF PORTUGAL, POET, AND SAVANT: THE LATE DR. BRAGA.



BEATEN BY IRELAND BY 2 TRIES (6 POINTS) TO NOTHING: THE FRENCH "RUGGER" TEAM IN THE INTERNATIONAL MATCH AT DUBLIN.



VICTORIOUS OVER FRANCE BY 2 TRIES (6 POINTS) TO NIL IN THE INTERNATIONAL "RUGGER" MATCH AT DUBLIN: THE IRISH TEAM.



THE INTERNATIONAL "RUGGER" CAPTAINS: W. E. CRAWFORD (IRELAND, ON THE LEFT) AND R. CRABOS (FRANCE), WHO WAS BADLY INJURED LATE IN THE MATCH.



THE PRINCE OF WALES AT THE "RUGGER" MATCH BETWEEN THE LONDON METROPOLITAN POLICE AND PARIS POLICE: GREETING THE FRENCH TEAM.

Lord Crawford is a Trustee of the National Gallery, the National Portrait Gallery, and the British Museum, and is on the Council of the British School at Rome. In 1921 he became First Commissioner of Works and Public Buildings. He is the author of "Donatello" and "The Evolution of Italian Sculpture."—Mr. Dan Irving was elected for Burnley in 1918, 1922, and in the recent General Election. He was formerly a railway shunter, and lost a leg in an accident.—The International Ladies' hockey match resulted in a victory for England.—Sir Frank Hollins was Chairman of the famous Lancashire firm of Horrockses, Crewdson and Co., believed to be the largest cotton-spinning and manufacturing concern in the world. He was made a Baronet in 1907.—Dr. Theophilo Braga, an eminent poet, historian, and philosopher, who wrote

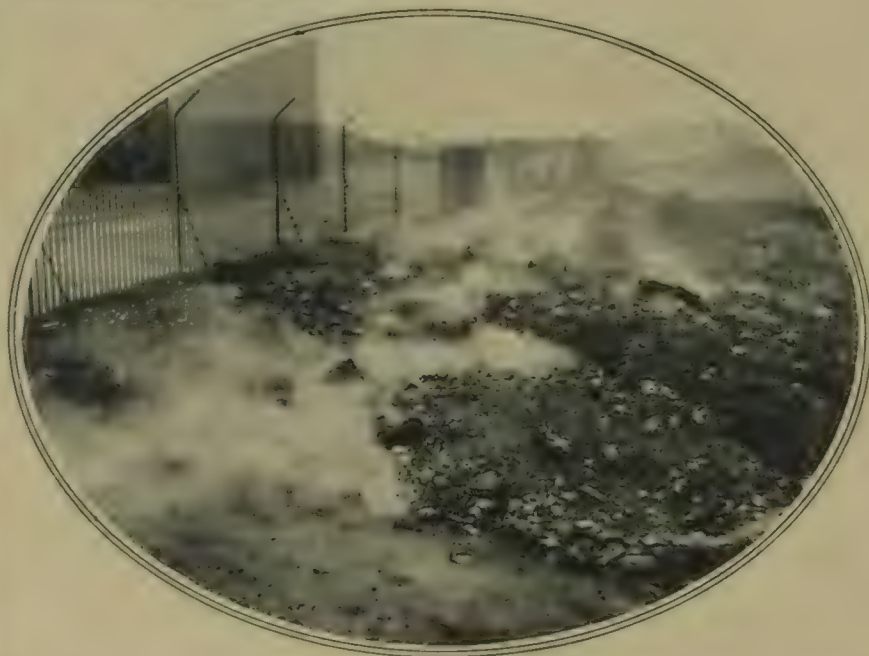
over 100 books, became the first President of the Portuguese Republic after the Revolution of 1910. Our portrait was taken at that time.—In the Ireland v. France "Rugger" match the teams were: Ireland—W. E. Crawford, H. W. Stephenson, G. V. Stephenson, J. D. Gardiner, A. Atkins, J. McDowell, W. H. Hall, J. D. Clinch, W. R. Collis, W. P. Collopy, R. Collopy, R. Y. Crichton, C. F. Hallaran, T. McClelland, and J. M. McVicker. France—L. Pardo, Pesson, R. Crabos (captain), A. Behoteguy, R. Got, A. Dupont, L. Galau, R. Lasserre, R. Piquiral, J. Etcheberry, A. Ribeyre, P. Moureu, J. Le Patey, Danion, and L. Beguet. Referee—Mr. A. Lawrie (Scotland).—At Richmond on January 24 the Prince of Wales watched the first "Rugger" match ever played between the London and Paris Police. Neither side scored.

AT HOME AND ABROAD: TOPICAL EVENTS RECORDED BY PHOTOGRAPHY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL, TOPICAL, C.N., PHOTOPRESS, AND G.P.A.



THE OLYMPIC GAMES WINTER SPORTS AT CHAMONIX: BRITISH COMPETITORS IN THE OPENING PROCESSION, HEADED BY THEIR BANNER AND UNION JACK BEARERS.



"A LIVE VOLCANO" UNDER A STAFFORDSHIRE TOWN: SMOKE ISSUING THROUGH THE GROUND FROM A SUBTERRANEAN FIRE IN OLD COLLIERY WORKINGS AT TIPTON.



COMMEMORATING 1240 MEMBERS OF THE PRINCE OF WALES'S OWN CIVIL SERVICE RIFLES WHO FELL IN THE WAR: THE PRINCE (SEEN IN KHAKE, TO THE RIGHT OF THE MEMORIAL, FACING THE CLERGY) AT THE UNVEILING CEREMONY, WHICH HE PERFORMED, AT SOMERSET HOUSE.



THE EX-PREMIER LEAVING NO. 10, DOWNING STREET: MR. STANLEY BALDWIN GIVING INSTRUCTIONS TO HIS DAUGHTER WHILE THE CHAUFFEUR PACKS HIS BAGS IN THE CAR.

The winter sports section of the Olympic Games (eighth Olympiad) opened at Chamonix on January 26 with formal ceremonies. The actual contests began on the 27th with speed-skating events. Great Britain met France at ice-hockey and curling on the 29th. In our photograph some of the competitors are seen carrying curling brooms.—Tipton, in Staffordshire, has been suffering from an outbreak of fire in old and disused colliery workings under the town, whose inhabitants were described as living practically over "a live volcano." Roads grew so hot that the gas had to be shut off; several houses became uninhabitable, and many others were menaced with destruction. Dams (trenches filled with



AMONG THE RAREST AND UGLIEST OF LIVING MAMMALS: ONE OF THE TWO ANT-EATING ABYSSINIAN AARD-VARKS (EARTH-PIGS), JUST ACQUIRED BY THE "ZOO."

sand) have been dug to divert the fire near the surface.—The Prince of Wales, as Honorary Colonel of the Regiment, unveiled the War Memorial of the Prince of Wales's Own Civil Service Rifles, in the square at Somerset House, on January 27. The monument, which is an urn-topped stone column designed by Sir Edwin Lutyens, the designer of the Cenotaph, contains a scroll recording the 1240 names of the fallen.—The "Zoo" has just acquired two specimens of the northern, or Abyssinian, species of aard-vark, of South Africa. They are nearly 6 ft. long, and resemble the South American giant ant-eater. They burrow into ant-hills, and lick up the insects with their long tongue.

WHERE "ADDRESSES" ARE OBLITERATED: A TOKIO POSTMAN'S TASK.

PHOTOGRAPH BY M. J. C. BALET.



RECENTLY VISITED BY ANOTHER EARTHQUAKE OF CONSIDERABLE VIOLENCE: DEVASTATED TOKIO—THE PATHETIC TASK OF A JAPANESE POSTMAN LADEN WITH LETTERS OF ANXIOUS ENQUIRY WHOSE ADDRESSES HAVE DISAPPEARED.

Tokio has experienced several mild earthquake shocks since the great disaster of September 1, and at 6 a.m. on January 15 there was one of considerable violence affecting much the same area. Four people were killed and about twenty injured in Tokio, while in Yokohama six were killed and nearly two hundred injured. Since the great earthquake letters from all parts of the world, making anxious enquiries for friends and relatives, have continued to pour in, and the above photograph affords pathetic evidence of the result.

It shows the embarrassment of a Tokio postman, laden with such letters, and unable to find among the ruins even the streets in which the houses to which the letters were addressed were formerly situated. The postal service at Tokio and Yokohama was always difficult, owing to the rapid growth of these great modern cities, combined with the extraordinary maze of streets with innumerable houses built of wood and paper. But the difficulties of tracing addresses in former days were as nothing compared with those at the present time.

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

SAW-BILL DUCKS.

By W. P. Pyecraft, F.Z.S., Author of "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

THE Waders' Aviary at the Gardens of the Zoological Society is, just now, well worth visiting by all who have a fondness for birds, since it has recently been enriched by the addition of six specimens of what are known as "Saw-bill" ducks. To the casual observer they might not appear particularly interesting; but let that observer pause a moment and examine them carefully and thoughtfully. It will be strange if he does not want to know more about them. That they are ducks of some sort will be surmised from the general build of the body; but they are very unlike, say, the mallard, the widgeon, or the teal, with which most people are more or less familiar, if only because they are so conspicuous in the poulterers' shops.

Four of these birds belong to the species known as the Goosander, and two to that known as the Smew. Probably the first thing to attract the attention of those who see them for the first time will be the beak. For this is very unlike that of the typical duck, being long and slender, and having its edges armed with sharp-pointed, horny "teeth." These will suggest, as is actually the case, that they are to serve for seizing slippery prey, such as fish—a diet very different from that of the typical ducks, which derive their sustenance from minute floating organisms—at least, for the most part. The nail-like tip to the beak is common to all the Anatidæ.

There is more in this beak than meets the eye at first sight. To begin with, it has been wrought to serve its present functions out of the more normal, or, as we might say, more familiar, duck's beak—such, for example, as that of the mallard. For this, too, has horny outgrowths along the edges of the upper jaw. But these rather take the form of small, obliquely-placed plates of horn; and they work in conjunction with a horny fringe running down each side of an exceedingly thick and fleshy tongue. In the majority of the ducks, the beak and tongue are modelled after this fashion.

Even a cursory examination of the mouth of, say, a mallard, will suffice to convince one that this apparatus serves a similar purpose to that of the whalebone-whales; that is to say, for sifting out small floating organisms from the water which is passed into the mouth. Watch a duck feeding as it propels itself rapidly along, with its beak half-submerged, and its jaws moving with incredible speed. The soft bodies of the minute creatures which are being eaten with such relish escape the notice of those who essay to examine the contents of the gizzards of such birds. And so they record only what they see—the shells of small molluscs, water-beetles, caddis-fly larvæ, leeches, worms, frogs, and so on, as well as fragments of water-weeds, seeds of various kinds, including grain; and, occasionally, fruits.

In the beak of the Shoveller, we find a still more extreme development of this apparatus, since the "lamellæ" along the sides of the strikingly broad upper jaw are relatively of great length and slenderness. Yet the books tell us that these birds feed

comparatively untapped source of food. The microscope is an instrument which few ornithologists know how to use. When they do, they will be able to add considerably to the list of creatures eaten by the "surface-feeding" ducks; though, even then, numbers will be found rather by good luck than by skill, for such minute and unprotected bodies are soon disintegrated. But the very length of these lamellæ, apart from the peculiarities of the tongue and the



SHOWING THE "FILTERING APPARATUS" FOR MINUTE FLOATING ORGANISMS: THE CURIOUS BEAK OF THE SHOVELLER DUCK.

The photograph shows the long, slender lamellæ fringing the edge of the upper jaw, which is widely expanded towards the end.

Photographs by E. J. Manly.

broad, shovel-shaped upper jaw, proclaims the inadequateness of the statements as to the food of these birds.

In the beak of the Eider-ducks and Scoters we find another modification of the standard type—



A "SUBMERSIBLE" DUCK WITH ITS "CONNING-TOWER" ABOVE WATER (ON THE RIGHT): MERGANSERS (MALE AND FEMALE) IN THEIR BREEDING QUARTERS.

These birds are able to submerge the body till only the head and neck appear above water, as may be seen on the right in the picture. On the left are a male and a female Merganser.

the beak of the mallard—since it is markedly depressed towards the end, while the "nail" at the tip is larger. Large molluscs, such as mussels, razor-shells and small whelks and cockles, and crustacea constitute the food of these birds.

That these beaks are all modifications of a common type cannot be doubted, the Mergansers having departed farthest from what we may call the standard. In them, not only has it assumed an almost cylindrical shape, but the tongue has also undergone a material departure from that which obtains among the rest of the Anatidæ, since it is greatly reduced in size, and has also suffered a reduction of its lateral fringes. The food of these birds explains the structural peculiarities of the jaws. Fish form their principal prey. When feeding in fresh water, frogs are apparently eaten, and, according to Dr. Hartert, one of the foremost of living ornithologists, caterpillars, cockchafer, and burying-beetles are also eaten. But the minute organisms which form so large a part of the diet of the more typical ducks are beyond the possibility of capture, for the necessary apparatus has been transformed to fulfil other uses.

That there is an intimate relation between the form of the tongue and the nature of the food could be demonstrated by scores of cases, and nowhere more convincingly than in the case of the Anatidæ. In the Scaup ducks, for example, the tongue takes the form of two large, fleshy cushions, lying side by side, and forming a median groove. Towards the back of the tongue this groove is armed with a double row of everted spines, while its outer margins bear a fringe of long fine bristles. These, at the hinder end of the tongue, are much shorter, and are supple-

mented by four pairs of stout conical "teeth," formed by the fusion of bristles. The food of these birds is varied, largely consisting of small crustacea and worms, molluscs, and insect larvæ. The seeds of various aquatic plants, as well as algæ, are also eaten. In the fish-eating Merganser the back of the tongue, which is very long and narrow, presents an almost level surface, traversed, throughout the greater part of its length, by a double row of curiously tooth-like spines, which render material assistance in the capture of fish; while the lateral fringes are greatly reduced in length. But, curiously enough, the tongue of the nearly related Hooded Merganser is quite different, being like that of the surface-feeding ducks reversed. The two species are said to feed on a precisely similar diet, but the marked difference in this matter of the tongue shows that we do not yet know enough about the food preferences of these two birds.

In the geese we have the very antithesis of what obtains in the "Saw-bill" ducks in this matter of the beak. For in the geese the beak is conspicuously high and short, the upper jaw being armed with a number of large horny lamellæ or "teeth," while the bristles forming the fringe along each side of the tongue, in the ducks, are replaced by a series of relatively huge horny spikes, directed towards the throat. Here grass, the leaves of aquatic plants, and grain form the staple diet.

The horny teeth of the jaws and tongue, in the Saw-bill ducks, have evidently been retained because they are useful for holding slippery prey. But they are evidently not essential for this purpose; for the cormorant, which is still more intensively a fisherman, has teeth neither on the jaws nor the tongue. They have been retained in these piscivorous ducks because they are not exclusively fish-eaters.

The remarkable features of these Saw-billed ducks are by no means confined to the structure of beak and tongue. The general appearance of these birds is, like that of the Red-breasted Merganser, wherein the male, in his breeding dress, wears a double crest, a chestnut-coloured breast-band, and black-and-white shoulder patch, while the head and neck are of a rich black, glossed with green. For the most part marine in its haunts, it resorts to fresh-water lochs of Scotland and Ireland to breed. Its larger relative, the Goosander, now to be seen at the "Zoo," is, if possible, an even handsomer bird. It is further remarkable for the indescribably beautiful salmon-coloured breast, which tint, however, fades to white soon after death. What may be the cause of this fleeting hue is not known. The beautiful rose-pink tinge which suffuses the breasts of some gulls and terns affords a parallel. This bird, too, is one of our resident species, breeding in various parts of Scotland, and wandering southwards to spend the winter months in estuaries and inland waters, though it is uncommon in the South of England.

The female closely resembles the female Red-breasted Merganser, both having a dull chestnut head and neck, in place of the glossy black of the males.



"THE ANTITHESIS OF WHAT OBTAINS IN THE 'SAW-BILL' DUCKS": THE BEAK OF A COTTON-TAIL GOOSE. The beak of a Cotton-Tail Goose is adapted for grazing rather than (as in the ducks) for the capture of small floating organisms.

The Smew is a very much smaller bird. Black and white are the dominating hues of the male, with a slate-blue beak and lead-coloured legs. The hen is smaller, and has a reddish-brown head and neck. It is but a winter visitor to our shores, resorting to wooded streams and lakes in northern Europe to breed. Like the Red-breasted Merganser, it shows a marked fondness for hollow trees in which to lay its eggs, the young eventually reaching the ground by tumbling out of the nest, even though this may entail a fall of as much as forty feet! And this, apparently, invariably without accident, the long, elastic down-feathers serving to protect them from injury. It would take a very much longer essay than this to do justice to these extraordinarily interesting birds. But here, perforce, I must bring my article to an end.



"MARKEDLY DEPRESSED TOWARDS THE END": THE BEAK OF THE SCOTER, ADAPTED TO THE CAPTURE OF MUSSELS, WHELKS, AND OTHER SHELL-FISH.

chiefly on water-beetles, small aquatic molluscs, duck-weed, and the seeds of various aquatic water-weeds. At sea, we are told, they feed upon "amphipoda and small crustacea." This sounds very like guess-work. The Shoveller resorts to the sea only when driven by stress of weather—when inland waters are under the grip of ice. But, so long as they remain at sea, it is clear that water-beetles and the seeds of aquatic water-weeds will be cut out of the menu; so it would seem that an imaginary substitute is found in "amphipoda and small crustacea." But this guess is probably correct. It is just these "small crustacea" and vast numbers of minute floating organisms of all kinds which the filtering apparatus of this remarkable and singularly handsome duck has to cope with. By thus specialising, these birds have become enabled to avail themselves of a

ART 6500 YEARS AGO: NEW DISCOVERIES AT ABRAHAM'S BIRTHPLACE.

BY COURTESY OF SIR F. G. KENYON, K.C.B., LITT.D., ETC. DIRECTOR OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.



"SILHOUETTED AGAINST A BACKGROUND OF BLACK PASTE": A BULL IN WHITE SHELL INLAY FROM A TEMPLE FRIEZE, AT TEL EL OBEID, NEAR UR OF THE CHALDEES.



FROM A TEMPLE WHOSE FOUNDATION TABLET, LATELY DISCOVERED, IS "THE OLDEST DATED DOCUMENT YET KNOWN": LIMESTONE BIRDS FOR INLAY IN A FRIEZE ON ITS WALL.



"CARVED IN FINE WHITE STONE AND SILHOUETTED": LIMESTONE FIGURES OF CATTLE FOR INLAY IN A FRIEZE ON THE TEMPLE WALL AT TEL EL OBEID.



"TO THIS REMOTE ANTIQUITY (4600 B.C.) BELONG . . . THE COPPER RELIEFS OF CATTLE": HEADS FROM THE TEMPLE AT TEL EL OBEID.



"THE ANIMALS ARE REPRESENTED AS LYING DOWN, BUT ALMOST IN THE ACT TO RISE": A COPPER RELIEF OF A YOUNG BULL (11 INCHES HIGH).



SHOWING "TECHNICALLY AND ARTIFICIALLY . . . EXCELLENCE QUITE AMAZING WHEN ONE CONSIDERS THEIR DATE": ANOTHER COPPER RELIEF OF A YOUNG BULL.

New and highly important discoveries at Ur of the Chaldees (the birthplace of Abraham) in Mesopotamia, and at Tel el Obeid, $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles away, have been made by the Joint Expedition of the British Museum and the Museum of the University of Pennsylvania, under Mr. C. Leonard Woolley. Previous discoveries made there by him and by Dr. H. R. Hall were illustrated and described in our issues of March 17 and April 21, 1923, and others a year before. Describing the new discoveries at Tel el Obeid, Mr. Woolley writes: "Entirely buried below the terrace floors (of a later temple) lies the building which Dr. Hall first discovered. A lucky chance has brought to light a marble tablet recording its foundation, and we learn that it was the temple of the goddess Nin-khursag, set up by

King A-an-ni-pad-da . . . of the First Dynasty of Ur . . . A dead reckoning based on the king-lists would put their date somewhere about 4600 B.C. . . . Tel el Obeid has produced the oldest dated document yet known. . . . To this remote antiquity belongs the remarkable series of objects of art which adorned its walls. . . . Chief amongst them are copper reliefs of cattle (11 in. high and 22 in. long). . . . These reliefs formed a frieze. . . . Another, on a smaller scale, was composed of figures of men and oxen carved in fine white stone and silhouetted against a background of black paste, the whole framed in copper; yet another showed birds, similarly treated in black and white. . . . The wealth of the metal (copper) lavished on this little temple is astonishing."

THE CAPITAL OF WINTER-SPORTS LAND: ST. MORITZ IN ITS MANTLE OF SNOW.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY OTTMAR RUTZ.



WHEN THE MIST IS RISING FROM THE LAKE: A STRIKING VIEW IN THE ENGADINE VALLEY.



SEEN THROUGH A SCREEN OF SNOW-LADEN PINES: ST. MORITZ FROM THE WEST.



WITH THE PIZ LANGUARD IN THE DISTANCE: A VIEW FROM SUVRETTA.



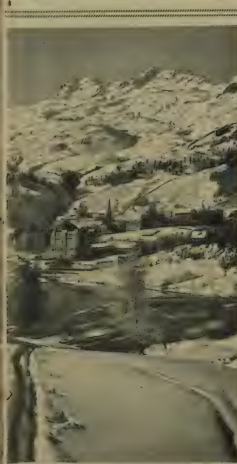
THE GREAT LANDMARK OF ST. MORITZ: THE FAMOUS OLD LEANING TOWER, DATING FROM 1573.



SEEN FROM THE HILLS IN THE SOUTH-WEST: LOOKING ACROSS ST. MORITZ TO THE PIZ LANGUARD.



SEEN FROM ACROSS THE FROZEN LAKE:



ST. MORITZ FROM THE NORTH.



LOOKING DOWN ON THE TOWN FROM THE SOUTH: A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF ST. MORITZ.

No one looking at our photographs of St. Moritz, perhaps the most famous of all the Swiss resorts, will be surprised at the charm which the capital of winter-sports land exercises on all who have visited it. Conditions under King Frost are ideal. The air has an invigorating "tang" which makes it possible to take a tremendous amount of exercise without growing tired; and the beauty of the mountains and valleys, the woods and the lakes, when they are clad in their mantle of white, is entrancing. Our reproductions give a very good idea of what St. Moritz looks like at this time of the year, although they cannot convey the glorious sunshine and the brilliant blue of the sky. The sports which may be indulged in include skating on the best rinks in the world, curling, ski-ing, and tobogganing; and experts may be admired and emulated by those who are keen to improve. The famous Cresta ice-run is, of course,

one of the great attractions; and going down it is one of the most thrilling sports which man may enjoy. Colonel Moore Brabazon, M.P., who is one of the most daring and expert Cresta-run riders, is the author of the "Hints to Beginners" chapter in the "Cresta-Run Handbook," and his points include the note that the Cresta is not a "slide." It is a run and wait riding, and also that "to ride well is not simple. There is a short cut. An attempt at this leads to the hospital." Ski-ing is, however, perhaps the most "fashionable" of all winter pastimes of the moment. Englishmen have recently begun to take ski-running very seriously, and there are now many experts from this country who go regularly to Switzerland and make a first-class show at this difficult and fascinating sport.

MINISTERS OF THE CROWN: THEIR SALARIES AND PENSIONS.

TEN Ministers in the Labour Government have each a salary of £5000 a year. These are the six Secretaries of State—Home Affairs, Foreign Affairs, Colonies, India, War, and Air; the First Lord of the Treasury, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the President of the Board of Trade, and the Minister of Health. The President of the Board of Admiralty has £500 less—£4500; the Lord Chancellor has £10,000—£4000 as Speaker of the House of Lords, and £6000 as the head of the Judiciary.

Some of the members of the Clyde group of the Labour Party have urged that it would be a striking gesture, one that would profoundly impress the country, if the Labour Government, as one of their first acts, were drastically to reduce these Ministerial salaries. It is unlikely that it will be done. Mr. Wheatley, a member of the Clyde group, has been appointed to one of the £5000 a-year offices—the Ministry of Health. The final answer to suggestions of the kind was given by Mr. John Burns. When he was a worker in an engineering shop at £3 or £4 a week, and before he ever thought that one day he should be a Minister of the Crown, he committed himself to the opinion that no man, however high and responsible his position, was worth more than £500 a year. On his appointment as President of the Board of Trade—the salary of which was then £2000, raised a little later, during his term of office, to £5000—this saying was recalled against Mr. Burns. He did not say, in reply, that he had changed his mind. All he said was: "It is the trade union rate of pay for Ministers, and as a trade unionist I'm bound to see that I get it."

The salaries of most of the chief offices of the Government were settled at their present figures by an arrangement made so long ago as 1831. During the Administration of Earl Grey—the Administration which carried the great Reform Act—incomes of £5000 a year for the Secretaries of State, the First Lord of the Treasury, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and of £2000 a year for subordinate offices in the Ministry, were fixed on the recommendation of a Select Committee of the House of Commons. In 1850 the emoluments of office were again reviewed by a Select Committee, and they reported in favour of the retention, practically, of the 1831 settlement. Included in that Committee of fifteen Members were such rigid economists as Molesworth, Cobden, Bright, and Ricardo, who grudged almost every penny spent for State purposes. "For these offices," said their report, "it is requisite to secure the services of men who combine the highest talent with the greatest experience in public affairs; and, considering the rank and importance of the offices, and the labour and responsibility incurred by those who hold them, your Committee are of opinion that the salaries were settled in 1831 at the lowest amount consistent with the requirements of the public service."

The next time the question of the salaries of Ministers was raised was in 1921, when the last of the Coalition Governments under Mr. Lloyd George appointed a Committee of the House of Commons to consider whether the salaries ought not to be increased owing to the great advance in the cost of living following on the World War. The Committee did recommend certain increases—that the salary of the first Lord of the Treasury, the office usually held by the Prime Minister, be raised to £8000; that the salary of all other Ministers of Cabinet rank be £5000; that the salary of second-class Ministers be raised from £2000 to £3000, and that of third-class Ministers from £1200 to £2000. So antagonistic was feeling in the House of Commons that no action was taken on the report.

An entirely novel and unprecedented arrangement in regard to salaries was come to by the Cabinet Ministers of the first War Coalition under Mr. Asquith in 1915. They decided to put their varying salaries, big and little, into a common fund and divide it equally among all. The purpose was to mitigate the personal hardship caused to certain Ministers who, in the re-shuffle of offices in order to include Unionists in the Coalition, had their emoluments reduced. To give one example, so distinguished a Minister as Mr. Winston Churchill would otherwise have lost £2500 a year by his transfer from the office of First Lord of the Admiralty (paid £4500) to the office of Chancellor

of the Duchy of Lancaster (paid £2000). The sum that each Minister received was £2446—except the Prime Minister, whose salary of £5000 as First Lord of the Treasury was excluded from the pool.

In the House of Commons the arrangement was criticised on the ground that it was come to "behind the back of Parliament," and that it altered the remuneration of Ministers which Parliament had fixed. Mr. Asquith strongly deprecated the discussion. He absolutely declined to admit the right of the House to inquire how Ministers proposed to spend their salaries. "For my part," he added, "I will never consent to hold office in this House under the Crown subject to the condition that the House, or any other body in the country, is entitled to inquire how I spend the money which I receive. If my right hon. friends and colleagues—for I have no

of such pensions that may be paid at the same time. At the close of the World War in 1918, there were four living ex-Lord Chancellors—Lord Halsbury, Lord Loreburn, Lord Haldane, and Lord Buckmaster—all of whom were paid £5000 a year; and a fifth—Lord Finlay—who, however, waived his right to the retiring allowance. The Lord Chancellorship thus stands apart, in that it is more judicial than political in its character and duties. Besides that, ex-Lord Chancellors act as Law Lords when the House of Lords sits as the Supreme Court of Appeal.

All the other Ministerial pensions are conditional. The Statute which governs the granting of such pensions is the Political Officers Pension Act, 1869, brought in by Gladstone, then in his first year of office as Prime Minister. Three classes of pensions for ex-Ministers were thus created:—

First-class pensions of £2000 for four years' service in an office of not less than £5000 a year.

Second-class pensions of £1200 for five years' service in an office of less than £5000 a year, and not less than £2000 a year.

Third-class pensions of £800 for five years' service in an office of less than £2000 and more than £1000.

The period of service may be continuous or at different times, and in different offices of the same class. "No new pensions shall be granted in any class while four pensions in that class are subsisting," says the Act, "nor shall more than one pension be granted in the same year." But the most important restriction is the provision that "the principle of the regulations for granting allowances of this nature is and ought to be founded on a consideration not only of the services performed by the individual to the State, but of the inadequacy of his private fortune to maintain his station in life"; and, accordingly, an application for a pension must be accompanied by "a specific declaration that the amount of his income from other sources is so limited as to bring him within the intent and meaning of this Act."

Fifteen ex-Ministers have been obliged to take advantage of the Act during the fifty-five years it has been in operation. Only one such pension is now being paid—that of £2000 a year to Lord George Hamilton, an ex-Cabinet Minister of Unionist Administrations. Among the distinguished statesmen who received political pensions was Disraeli. This pension of £2000 a year was suspended, of course, while he was in office as Chancellor of the Exchequer or First Lord of the Treasury, including his two terms as Prime Minister. But he was in receipt of it when he died as Lord Beaconsfield in April 1881.

The first Lord of the Treasury is restricted by precedent to granting these political pensions only to ex-Ministers of his own party. In 1883 an application was made to Gladstone for a pension by a Conservative ex-Minister. It was refused on the ground that "no political pension has been granted by any Minister except to one with whom he stood on terms of general confidence and co-operation." Gladstone went on to say, "The examination of private circumstances, such as I consider the Act to require, is, for its nature, difficult and invidious; but the examination of competing cases in the ex-official corps is a function that could not be discharged with the necessary combination of free responsible action and of exception from offence and suspicion." He therefore declined "to create a precedent of deviation from a course undeviatingly pursued by my predecessors of all Parties."

Lord Morley, who gives this letter in his "Life of Gladstone," observes in a note: "Mr. Gladstone had suffered an unpleasant experience in another case of the relations brought about by the refusal of a political pension, after inquiry as to the accuracy of the necessary statement as to the applicant's need of it." We are told also, in the same book, that Gladstone, in his last term of office, came to hold strongly the view that these political pensions, which he himself had created, should be abolished. Lord Morley says he was deterred from trying to carry out his views only by the reminder from younger Ministers of his Government, not themselves applicants, nor ever likely to be, that it would hardly be a gracious thing to cut off such benefactions at a time when the bestowal of them was passing away from him, though he had used them freely while they were within his power.



FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY IN THE LABOUR GOVERNMENT:
VISCOUNT CHELMSFORD.

Lord Chelmsford, who was created a Viscount in 1921, was born on August 12, 1868, was educated at Winchester and at Magdalen, and in due time was called to the Bar. He has been Governor of Queensland, Governor of New South Wales, and Viceroy of India.

Photograph by Russell.

concern in the matter myself—choose by domestic arrangement among themselves to determine how their particular salaries are going to be allocated, I submit that that is not a matter for the House or the public." The payment to each Minister of the salary attached by Parliament to his office was resumed under the Coalition Government formed by Mr. Lloyd George on the fall of Mr. Asquith.

PENSIONS FOR MINISTERS.

It appears to be widely supposed that Ministers receive pensions on retirement. The position is that a Minister may obtain a pension if he has held office for four or five years. But he is not entitled to it as a right on account of his service. He must apply for it to the First Lord of the Treasury, and make a declaration that his financial resources are inadequate to the maintenance of the social position proper to one who has been a Minister of the Crown. The only member of the Government who receives a pension automatically on retiring from office is the Lord Chancellor. He is paid a pension of £5000 a year, however brief may have been the period of his service. Nor is there any limitation to the number

FRENCH NAVAL POLICY: THE PROBLEM OF THE MEDITERRANEAN.



FRENCH BATTLE-SHIPS IN THE MEDITERRANEAN: THE "BRETAGNE" AND "LORRAINE," WITH THEIR TRIPOD MASTS, SEEN FROM THE CRUISER "STRASBOURG" DURING RECENT NAVAL MANŒUVRES.

The naval policy of France has been a good deal under discussion of late. It was suggested recently that the new *rapprochement* between Italy and Spain would force France to consider whether she should take part in a scheme for a Latinised Mediterranean or maintain her present policy of an *entente* with Great Britain. On January 11 it was stated that the French Government had decided to accelerate the ship-building programme, and that ships which were to have been begun during the period ending in 1930 should now be begun between 1924 and 1928 and completed by 1931. They comprise six cruisers, fifteen destroyers,

twenty-four torpedo-boats, and thirty submarines, while seven mine-laying submarines are to be added. The influence of the new British Labour Government may affect the question. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald was reported to have said in a recent interview with M. Henri Dumal, Director of the "Quotidien": "I am firmly convinced that the most redoubtable armaments will not suffice to guarantee the security of French territory. I would that France would cease to put her faith in military power and would realise the greater protection she would find in the League of Nations."

A "NAUMACHIA" FOR WEMBLEY: BUILDING MODELS FOR THE NAVY TO "FIGHT ITS BATTLES O'ER AGAIN."

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. R. S. STOTT, AND DESCRIBED BY L. COPE CORNFORD, AUTHOR OF "ECHOES FROM THE FLEET," "THE BRITISH NAVY," ETC.



"A MEDIAEVAL SEA-FIGHT WILL TAKE PLACE . . . AND NAVAL ENGAGEMENTS OF THE GREAT WAR": CONSTRUCTING MODEL SHIPS FOR THE BRITISH EMPIRE EXHIBITION.

Just as the ancient Romans displayed mimic sea-fights on an artificial lake or "naumachia" (an example of which at Gerasa, Transjordan, was illustrated in our issue of December 22 last), so British naval history is to be dramatised at Wembley. Mr. L. Cope Cornford, the well-known writer on naval subjects, supplies the following note on the above drawing: "In the British Empire Exhibition the origin, development and achievements of the Royal Navy will be illustrated with an elaboration and a magnificence never before presented to the public. Accurate models of real ships will be displayed in action at sea. The Admiralty Theatre in the Pavilion of H.M. Government will be adorned with a lake, upon which the ships will manoeuvre. The position of the spectators has been so arranged that the ships appear to be of the size of reality, as they would appear in nature if beheld from a certain height above the sea. As the models are exactly copied from the original ships to a definite scale, visitors will, in effect, view the actual craft, from the flagship of William the Conqueror, to a ship of Henry III., and so on, to H.M.S. "Victory," and thence to the steel and steam men-of-war of to-day. A model of

a ship does not convey the impression of life, which is the essential charm of a ship, unless it is in movement afloat; nor does the modelled plan of a naval action, statically showing a particular moment, present the actual engagement. Hence it was determined to show both the evolution of the man-of-war, and fleets in battle, dramatically. Moreover, it is only by means of movement that the conduct and skill of the officers and men, without which the ship is a dead thing, can be indicated. In the Admiralty Theatre, a mediæval sea-fight will take place, in which every ship is a miniature of the original, carrying the original flags and devices; the storming of Zeebrugge will be enacted, and typical phases of other modern naval engagements in the Great War. The whole theatre, the ingenious apparatus, and the models are being constructed by the staff of the Wembley Room at the War Office, under Captain S. M. Wilton, R.N. The Wembley Room is controlled by H.M. Department of Overseas Trade, represented by Colonel H. W. G. Cole, C.S.I., working in conjunction with a committee of others of H.M. Departments of State."—(Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.)

LIKE SOME TO BE SEEN "IN ACTION" AT WEMBLEY:

BY COURTESY OF THE METROPOLITAN



"IN SUCH A BOAT, PEPPY RELATES THAT HE WENT DOWN THE RIVER THAMES": A RARE CONTEMPORARY MODEL OF AN ENGLISH ADMIRAL'S PINNACE (LAST QUARTER, SEVENTEENTH CENTURY).

IT is interesting to compare these authentic contemporary models of seventeenth-century English ships of war with the drawing (on another double-page in this number) of similar models, of various periods, now being made for the British Empire Exhibition at Wembley, where they will be shown moving and "in action" on the water. All the models illustrated above are in the Sergison collection, recently lent to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, by Colonel H. H. Rogers. In the Museum's "Bulletin" an excellent account of the subject was lately given (with photographs) by

(Continued opposite.)



DECORATED WITH FIGURES OF FIGHTING WARRIORS, THE ROYAL ARMS, AND (BELOW) THE ADMIRALTY BADGE WITH AMORINI: THE STERN OF A MODEL OF "BRITANNIA" (1720).

(Continued.)
The more important ships of this period (17th century) were ornamented with elaborate gilded wood carvings. . . . Charles Sergison was Clerk of the Acts of the British Navy from 1689 to 1718 . . . and as such, probably inspired by the example of Pepys, he counted as one of his 'perquisites' the acquisition of numerous models constructed at the various British naval depots under his jurisdiction. . . . Sergison installed such of them as he selected in his beautiful mansion, Cuckfield Park, in Sussex. . . . Of these models . . . the finest is that of the 'Britannia,' a first rate of 1700. This item, constructed almost wholly of pear-wood in the natural colour varnished, represents a vessel of 100 guns. . . . The figure-head is a mounted warrior trampling on prostrate enemies (a favourite allegory upon British ships). . . . The name is displayed on a ribbon at the break of the poop, an unusual occurrence. . . . The hull is supported upon a fine cradle formed of dolphins carved in the round upon a veneered walnut base. The length of the model is 41½ inches, the breadth



WITH CIRCULAR WREATHED GUN-PORTS AND LION FIGURE-HEAD: A CONSTRUCTION MODEL OF AN ENGLISH FOURTH-RATE LINE-OF-BATTLE SHIP ("TRITON")—52 GUNS AND 250 MEN (1690-1700).



WITH FIGURE-HEAD OF A MOUNTED WARRIOR TRAMPLING FOES: THE PORT SIDE OF THE MODEL "BRITANNIA," A 100-GUN FIRST-RATE LINE-OF-BATTLE SHIP—SCALE, 1 IN. TO 4½ FT. (1720).

ORIGINAL MODELS OF 17TH-CENTURY ENGLISH WAR-SHIPS.

MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK.



FULLY RIGGED, AND BEARING THE CYPHERS "W.R." (WILLIAM III.) AND "A.R." (QUEEN ANNE) ABOVE: THE STERN OF A MODEL OF "ST. GEORGE," A 96-GUN "SECOND-RATER"—SCALE, 1 IN. TO 4 FT. (1701).



AN UNIDENTIFIED TWO-AND-A-HALF DECK MODEL OF A THIRD-RATE LINE-OF-BATTLE SHIP (70 GUNS AND 300 MEN): THE STARBOARD SIDE (THE STERN SHOWN IN NEXT PHOTOGRAPH, TO RIGHT).

is 12½ inches. The fully rigged three-decker represents the 'St. George' of 1701-2, a second rate, 96 guns. . . . The stern gallery . . . bears the Royal Cipher, R W R (William III.). Above this, and in the centre of the lunette at the top of the stern, supported by tritons, is another royal cipher, A. R., clearly added after the death of William. . . . The length is 48 inches and the breadth 12 inches. Another fine example is the model of the two and one half deck 80-gun ship of about the year 1695. This has not been identified. . . . On the stern transom is a full-length figure of the monarch, William III. . . . The length is 47 inches and the breadth is 11 inches. . . . The collection included also a fine pinnace or large rowing-boat in use at that time in the Navy, with the rowers and helmsman in contemporaneous uniforms. It was in such a boat as this, Pepys relates, that he went down the Thames to view the vessels. . . . The collection . . . may be called a self-contained unit showing a distinct period of naval architecture. In this case, it must be absolutely unique."



SHOWING THE HULL IN "SKELETON" FOR CONSTRUCTIONAL PURPOSES: AN UNIDENTIFIED 21-DECK CONSTRUCTION MODEL OF AN 80-GUN THIRD-RATE LINE-OF-BATTLE SHIP—SCALE, 1 IN. TO 4 FT. (1695).

(Continued.)
Mr. Henry B. Culver. After referring to the high antiquity of ship models for funerary purposes (many have been found, for example, in the tomb of Tutankhamen), he continues: "Dating from about the beginning of the seventeenth century, ship models served a more practical purpose. When the construction of an important vessel or class of vessels was contemplated, it was found advisable to build, in advance of the actual work upon the full-sized craft, a model to some convenient scale, usually one to forty-eight, one-quarter of an inch to a foot, a miniature prototype of the real ship. . . ."

(Continued below.)



WITH CARVED AMORINI AT THE TOP, BUT OTHERWISE LESS ORNATE: THE STERN OF THE UNIDENTIFIED MODEL LINE-OF-BATTLE SHIP SHOWN IN THE ADJOINING ILLUSTRATION.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

By J. D. SYMON.

UNDERNEATH the grave public controversies of the moment, a little newspaper correspondence is going its quiet way on a subject of more or less literary interest. It has nothing to do with the contents of books, or with any question of style or ethics; it gives the so-called "high-brow" little chance to put on the jacket and the peacock's feather of the literary mandarin—although he, too, is certain to have pronounced opinions on the problem—it concerns Everyman who loves books, and there is no reader who has not his answer ready. Everyman's answer is, in fact, the only answer that matters. His newspaper asks him the question in the familiar second person: "Do you like your novels long or short?"

The present generation hardly knows what the really long novel is. To it a long novel suggests at the utmost the works of Dickens or Thackeray, or, if he looks further back, Fielding and Smollett. Far longer works—"Clarissa Harlowe" and "Le Grand Cyrus"—lie outside his ken, unless he be a literary specialist. Within our own times, he may recall the curious return to long-windedness—but what delightful long-windedness!—which Mr. De Morgan's daring originality carried to success even in an age of hurry-scurry. Mr. De Morgan's sly humour smiled at his own interminable "pen-drift," as he called it, and once when his publisher, the late Mr. William Heinemann, had reluctantly to cut down a story that had exceeded even his indulgent limits, the novelist made capital out of the curtailment, and found in the surgical operation a suggestion for his title—"It Never Can Happen Again."

He did not adopt that title as a subtle warning to his publisher, but as an encouragement to him and to the public—a sort of promise to be a better boy in future. The novel, even in its shortened form, was still of prodigious length. The title, therefore, carried a reassurance to the public, lest it should kick. It did not kick, but eagerly asked for more, which it received in good measure, pressed down and running over. A later novel, "When Ghost Meets Ghost," beat all former records—892 pages of smallish type. The author had his compunctions. From his biography we learn that he thought his reviewers deserved double pay. I have already told on this page how at least one reviewer, who within forty-eight hours read the book without skipping a word and wrote a column review in a morning paper, asked and received the double reward.

In Mr. De Morgan's "pen-drift," his publisher took an interest at once affectionate and sporting. While a new book was in progress, the question of probable length exercised his mind not a little. I recall one of Mr. Heinemann's pleasant little dinners, at which he led Mr. De Morgan on with gentle and insidious approaches to talk about the novel then on the stocks. The novelist confessed that, like Anthony Trollope, he wrote a regular task, a fixed number of words every day. It ran into a respectable total of thousands. Very soon Mr. De Morgan, who had said how many words went to a page of his MS., was lured into an admission of how many pages he had completed. Mr. Heinemann reflected for a moment, busy with mental arithmetic, and then, turning to the company, he remarked: "That is to say, the book is already just twice as long as Jane Austen's longest." Mr. De Morgan did not regard that startling fact as any deterrent. To curb his "pen-drift" would have been to rob his writing of its most charming idiosyncrasy. His publisher knew that very well. Any cutting was better done after the story had wound its own tortuous way to its appointed end.

About that time, fifteen years ago, the question of the long or short novel came to the front. Briefer and more condensed work had found favour with the public, and the booksellers considered that the most suitable length for a story was not less than sixty thousand or more than eighty thousand words. The departure from ancient long-windedness was due to two main causes: Mr. Heinemann's invention of the six-shilling novel, and the growing tendency of English authors to follow French models. The result was a distinct gain in workmanship. The old loose diffuseness and irrelevancy disappeared almost entirely. Style grew more fastidious, firmer and more compact; the principal characters remained almost constantly in view; and the main thread of the narrative was seldom dropped. It suited an age that had forgotten how to be leisurely.

But the success of De Morgan's long, rambling stories set publishers asking themselves whether the time was not ripe for a change. Mr. Heinemann, for one, thought it was. He told me that he wished to encourage the longer novel, for he believed that the ordinary reader liked a good mouthful; that the really satisfying tale was one that would occupy five or six evenings. But very long books have not of late years been much in evidence: little change has been made in the average length of the popular novel for nearly thirty years. De Morgan was something of a freak, a card by himself; his persuasive whimsicality prevailed over modern impatience. It could not happen again to any great extent.

In many ways, length is an advantage. Its absence may account for the slighter impression that even the best-drawn characters in current fiction make upon the reader's mind. Perhaps a new Sam Weller, a Mr. Pickwick, a Pecksniff and a Micawber, a Bailie Nicol Jarvie, a Jonathan Oldbuck, a Jeanie Deans, or a Di Vernon, are too much to hope for: but strong and vivid people still appear in the novels of to-day. Often these are far more subtly drawn in the finer shades of character. But

they remain aloof; their names never become household words; they are not used for the purposes of ordinary illustration and comparison when men and women talk about life and letters. In literary circles they may stand a better chance. I cannot say, for I am a simple rustic, whose practice among the elect is very small. But in the talk of my neighbours—well-read villagers—few or no references occur to recent creations of the novelist. The life of the characters seems to cease with the final closing of the book. They have not become personal friends, with an existence outside the story, a reality for the common life of every day. They remain passing acquaintances, interesting while they are present, but without the power to leave a lasting impression. We have never really felt that we know them through and through.

One reason of this impermanence is the short book. We have not spent long enough time with these creatures of the novelist's brain for them to wear themselves into our consciousness and take an enduring place among the people we know. They are welcome guests enough, but they do not come to stay.

The book that holds us long in the mere act of reading (I do not refer here to the book that takes long to read because it bores one) has a great advantage in creating this living sense of personality in its characters. Not so very long ago readers were favoured with a rather remarkable proof and test of this. A famous series of stories, which had appeared over a period of many years as separate novels of average length, was at length issued as a long



AUTHOR OF "THE WAY THINGS HAPPEN," HER NEW PLAY JUST DUE AT THE AMBASSADORS THEATRE: MISS CLEMENCE DANE.

Miss Clemence Dane's new play, "The Way Things Happen," is to be produced by Mr. Basil Dean at the Ambassadors Theatre on February 2. She made her reputation as a dramatist with "A Bill of Divorcement," and followed that up with "Will Shakespeare."—[Photograph by C. Pollard Crouther, F.R.P.S.]

continuous novel in a single volume. Much as I had enjoyed the parts read at considerable intervals of time, that was nothing to the enjoyment I found in the complete work, taken in one sustained stretch. Although the book ran to one thousand pages, the tale flowed on with no sense of tedium. This by the way. What is more to our present point is the quickened sense of character which came from reading the original episodes in compendious form.

The earlier reading in instalments had left no very vivid memory of personality in the characters. But growing familiarity sustained over several days changed all that. One person in particular became so real, so fully rounded and known in all his attributes, that he will never leave me. He takes his place now with the best friends I have in the whole gallery of great fiction. Many of my readers may have guessed by this time that I can be referring only to the figure of Old Jolyon in Mr. Galsworthy's "The Forsyte Saga." Had a hurrying age permitted the story to be issued first of all as a complete work, it would have come upon the world with a power and impressiveness not possible at the second time of publishing. Even then the effect was certainly great and successful, but something pristine was gone for ever. The book did not burst upon the world with the revelation that here once more was a novelist capable of long-sustained and elaborate effort. And the effect would have been heightened by Mr. Galsworthy's fastidious artistry, a virtue not always associated even with the greatest of the voluminous masters.

Here someone will ask me how it is that in the short story intensely vital characters of world-wide fame have been created? What, they will ask me, of Mulvaney, Ortheris, and Learoyd, of the Curé of Tours, of Colonel

Chabert, of the Sire de Maletroit, of—without prejudice to more august company—Dan'l Webster, the Jumping Frog? The answer is, for one thing, the more deliberately intensive method of short-story writing; and, for another, that Soldiers Three remain on the stage throughout a whole book and appear not in one book alone. As for our examples from Balzac and Stevenson, the short stories run to a goodly length. They have body as well as soul, reinforced by the intensive method. Dan'l Webster's chronicle is brief enough, but in point of words it has sufficient content—ethical, human, batrachian, and merely side-splitting—to furnish forth a volume, or more than one.

This must not be taken as implying that the shorter novels of recent years have no power to present living characters who pass into the world beyond the boards of the book. But it is not very common. There has, however, been one curious example of such vitality, a character who not only became known but set up as a writer for the daily Press. The case is almost without parallel. It is the more extraordinary that this remarkable person did not come out of a novel of Delish popularity, but from one of those immensely clever things in small compass which make their chief appeal to the sophisticated. The book had success—not all the success it deserved, but what book ever has?—it got hold of the people who could best appreciate it, and gave them a generous share of the ungodly amusement and instruction they enjoy. It taught them to look out for the author's next work, which is in itself no small score.

The author had an excellent sense of character, and, better still, the power to communicate it to his reader. It was not one of his creations alone that lived and moved. His portrait of an elderly, invalid dilettante was as good a thing as has ever been done in that line; but the chief figure was a spinster of a certain or uncertain age, the self-appointed moral shepherdess of a fashionable Spa, who in amazing circumstances fell a victim to Cupid. Many will remember Miss Gertrude Belt, the heroine of Mr. Ralph Straus's "Volcano." This wonderful woman evidently had a real existence. I do not suggest for one moment that she was "drawn from life" (she could not have been so real if she had), but that, like the statue of Galatea, she came to life, stepped out of her volcano, and took a walk down Fleet Street, in the Sala-pseudo-Johnsonian manner. She seems even to have got a job in the Street of Ink. It is impossible otherwise to account for a series of moral essays which appeared about that time in the *Daily Chronicle* under the signature of Gertrude Belt. It is one of the Curiosities of Literature, or of Journalism, I know not which. Some say the two are inseparable.

Nor was the lady alone in that adventure. I seem to remember seeing an article or two, perhaps only one, signed by Mr. Eustace Pountenay, the elder dilettante of the story. A very vital author, I faith! That book of his gave him a hold he had not taken before, although he had done even finer work. "A Prison without a Wall," written before the war, is the finest picture I know of academic life and the donnish mind, but the appeal of such stories is limited. If "Volcano" did not put Mr. Straus among the "best sellers" (vile phrase), it at least won him a wider circle of readers who would be keen to see his next book. That alone is a most fortunate stage of authorship, for it means an extension of vogue. Hitherto this author has halted just on the border line of substantial recognition. Another good book should win him that.

That book is now in our hands; it is good—very good—and it is making its way bravely. Five days after publication it went into a second edition. I hope to hear before another of these pages must go to the printer that "THE UNSEEMLY ADVENTURE," by Ralph Straus (Chapman and Hall; 7s. 6d.), has gone in a most sweet and seemly fashion into a third edition, and so on without end. I will not spoil my readers' enjoyment of the book by inflicting on them any futile summary of the story, but will merely recommend them to make the early acquaintance of "Dear Humphrey," the delightfully proper slow-coach, who was stirred up by a sermon to activity in most unecclesiastical exploits. You will find not only fun, but admirable writing, and the wit of a satirist who is keen but never bitter. And with wit Mr. Straus has the gift also of humour.

One of our best-established novelists, who is not famous for sticking to his last, has just tried his hand at a performance in a department of literature entirely new to him—the most difficult art, biography. It is one thing, however, to write with signal success the life of a Kipps or a Mr. Polly, where the writer had complete power over his material and could do with it what he chose; it is quite another thing to write the biography of an actual person, where the facts impose constant limitations. Mr. Wells has powers of insight and expression that might have made his "SAUNDERSON OF OUNDLE" (Chatto and Windus; 4s. 6d.) a memorable book; but the subject, a great schoolmaster, offered him too great a temptation to mount his educational hobby and ride it to death. He has fallen, therefore, between two stools. I wish heartily Mr. Wells would remember that Heaven has made him a most gifted storyteller whom few can equal to-day, and would leave doctrinaire writing to humbler practitioners. If he wanted to preach on education, he had his own pulpit ready, and the congregation met and eager to hear. When Dickens sought to reform an educational system he did not write the life of his sons' headmaster, with crude dissertations on education thrown in. He invented Squeers, and a bad system crumbled. Which is an allegory.

VEILED MEN AND UNVEILED WOMEN: TUAREGS, AND OTHER SAHARANS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LIEUTENANT D'USSEL, OF THE FRENCH COLONIAL ARMY, SUPPLIED BY MR. T. A. GLOVER.



HEAVILY VEILED: AKHAMOUK AG THEMMA, CHIEF OF HOGGAR, WHO WAS PRESENTED TO PRESIDENT MILLERAND AT ALGIERS.



NOT VEILED, AS THE MEN ARE: A YOUNG TUAREG GIRL OF THE FEROUAN TRIBE, AT AIR.



OF A SAHARAN TRIBE SAID TO BE DESCENDED FROM THE PREHISTORIC CRO-MAGNON MEN: A VEILED TUAREG WARRIOR.



WITH A CONE AND SILVER RING IN HER NOS-TRILS, AND LOADED WITH NECKLACES AND HEAD-GEAR: A TIBU WOMAN OF RANK.



WEARING A SIMILAR NOSE-ORNAMENT AND A VOLUMINOUS DRESS: A YOUNG WOMAN OF RANK, OF THE TIBU NOMADS.



WITH THE NOSE-ORNAMENT COMMON TO ALL WOMEN OF THAT DISTRICT, BUT WITH A SIMPLER COIFFURE: A YOUNG GIRL OF TIBESTI.



WEARING LITTLE "HATS" FASHIONED OUT OF MELTED CARTRIDGE-CASES: TWO TIBU WOMEN OF RANK IN ALL THEIR FINERY.



WITH GOOD FEATURES UNSPOILT BY A NOSE-"ORNAMENT," AND TASTEFULLY DRESSED: A YOUNG TUAREG PRINCESS.

The strange tribe of Tuaregs, whose men go veiled and women unveiled, was the subject of photographs in our issue of June 30 last, taken by Captain Angus Buchanan, whose new travel film, "Crossing the Great Sahara," recently produced at the Palace Theatre, was illustrated in our last number. We give here some further photographs of this and other tribes, by Lieutenant d'Ussel, an officer in the Arab cavalry of the French Army. His companion on part of his journey, Mr. T. A. Glover, writes: "He was sent into the oriental Sahara to administer a vast country comprising the Borkou, the Sjourat, a part of Tibesti, Bodele, and Mortcha. This region is inhabited by populations very little known . . . who call themselves Dazzagadda. Formerly they spread

much more to the north, but they were repelled by the Arabo-Berbers of Tripoli, who seized even Kufra, their chief oasis, which is now an arsenal and calling station of the Senussi. The Dazzagadda seem to be of a Berbero-Lybic origin, but only anthropology itself will provide the hypothesis of their origin. Their legends, indeed, are very confused and contradictory, and seem to have been unknown to the Arab historians of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance. Still, it is probable that they owe their origin to the same stem as the Tuaregs, or, at some period they lived in very close relations with this important Sahara group, which is descended directly from the veiled Berbers, Lentouma, and Sahandja, and from the prehistoric Cro-Magnon man."

The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

"GRUACH" AND "PHOENIX"—MANAGERS AND CRITICS.

BRAVE man, Mr. Gordon Bottomley, to attempt forestalling Shakespeare in Shakespeare's own manner! Nor did his valour prove foolhardy. He is a master of English; his language is stately and of melodious cadence; there are arresting phrases in his dialogue; an exalted spirit prevails in the whole poem, dispelled alas! at the end by a note of sarcasm that lowered the pitch and fell like a splash on a noble picture. Gruach, doomed to a loveless marriage with her cousin, in deadly surroundings meets Macbeth, the King's messenger, late on her wedding eve. He is her man. She is his woman. These twain are one at sight, not to be sundered by the power of man. Hers is the compelling force. Walking in her sleep, she seeks Macbeth; ensnares, beguiles, coaxes, threatens him; bids him take her home on his charger; and he, the Macbeth strong of arm yet weak of flesh, yields; and in the hour before dawn they flee towards liberty. Anon the bridegroom rises, ready for the wedding, and, when he finds her gone, the mean dullard that was to wed her consoles himself with the thought that he would only have taken her for her lands.

In the first scene there was grip; in the second the love-duet, unduly spun out, lost some of it, despite passages of fervour and beauty. We were led to believe that Gruach was acting all the time in her sleep; it seemed unreal, nor could one well believe that a scene so vociferous could rage without wakening the inmates. It was a slight transgression of poetic license, easily checked by some incision. But the end, with some would-be comic interludes of sleep-loaded servants, was lame. It struck the modern note that rent the atmosphere.

Magnificent of stature and in voice, the Macbeth of Mr. Malcolm Keen deserved well of the young poet and kindled the wish to see him attempt the great Shakespearean character. Miss Sybil Thorndike's Gruach, too, was a classic figure. In her trance she struck statuesque poses of impressive design; her passion was real and inspired, but now and again she would indulge in those meandering tones which are the one flaw in her diction. The other members of the family in a mausoleum of living people—Mr. Felix Aylmer, Miss Hilda Bruce Potter, and Miss Esmé Beringer—were well in the picture, and the last-named's glorious diction enhanced the beauty of the poet's words.

What am I to say of "Phoenix," a would-be farce of old genre, full of erotic scenes and such humour as can be extracted from the amours of an elderly King and his son with a courtesan of omnivorous facility, cunningly thwarted by a shrewd Queen and mother who knows the ways of men? It was conceived somewhat in the vein of Meilhac and Halévy's "Belle Hélène"; but what a difference! In the French libretto, a semblance of mythological Greece and a lightness of touch which veil the grossness of the subject; in "Phoenix," heavy hands and heavy words paired to actions that may appeal to some, but would rouse dismay in many that such things are considered pleasing. Neither our language nor our actors lend themselves to this *genre grivois*, which loses charm and veneer when bereft of Gallic wit and Latin grace.

Miss Barbara Gott, Miss Mary Clare, Mr. Robert Harris, and especially Mr. Leslie Banks, worked with a will to make things merry, and the gala audience at the Playbox was grateful for their efforts; yet, frankly, but for the dictates of urbanity, we would have said, with the late Queen Victoria, "We were not amused."

Mr. Arthur Hornblow, the editor of the great *Theatre Magazine* of New York, has asked me to relate an experience which will inform the World of the Theatre in England how the critic in New York is treated in some quarters when he speaks by the card and at the dictates of his conscience.

Mr. Arthur Hornblow is an Englishman who has made good in America. He is the most urbane and fairest of critics. Under his editorship, the *Theatre Magazine*, the like of which in size and execution does not exist here, has become influential in American

stage-land. His articles, "Mr. Hornblow Goes to the Play," are both informing and readable. Mr. Hornblow goes to the theatre with an open mind, in great spirits, and with a keen eye for what is "great and good and beautiful." He is never exuberant, albeit he is an enthusiast; he would prefer to be lavish in praise to being devastating in censure. But he, like every critic who holds his office in honour, is an enemy to all that is meretricious, and, as he puts it himself, lacks "snap, beauty, and interest." He said something to this effect about the new "Follies" produced by Mr. Flo Ziegfeld. He was not the only one, it appears, who criticised the show adversely; but, as a monthly paper is a lesser tower of thought compared with the omnipotent dailies and weeklies of New York, he was singled out for chastisement and ostracism. The declaration of war was first delivered by a telegram which read as follows—

Theatre Magazine, New York.—Accept sincere appreciation and thanks for wonderful notice your critic wrote about Follies. It

was a classic. Everything he praised the audience's verdict cut out. All he condemned they approved.—Ziegfeld.

By an irony of fate at about the same time he received another wire, on behalf of the United Theatre Managers of Chicago, with the best of good wishes for his "important publication" in the New Year; and he observed that, in spite of Mr. Ziegfeld's protest, the Follies were shorn of all that he himself had condemned, while the features he praised were retained.

Well, Mr. Hornblow here thought that this endorsement of his criticism would have ended the matter, and that Mr. Ziegfeld had drained his wrath in his somewhat sarcastic telegram. But no. A Press representative was sent to Mr. Hornblow on behalf of Mr. Ziegfeld, and this was his message: "that he (Mr. Hornblow) is no longer *persona grata* in the theatres controlled by Mr. Ziegfeld, and that the customary reviewers' seats, already sent to the *Theatre Magazine* for the opening of Eddie Cantor's new play, 'Kid Boots,' were officially and summarily withdrawn. In other words, the said Hornblow, having grievously offended, is henceforth beyond the pale as far as the Ziegfeld shows are concerned."

Mr. Hornblow calmly replied that he would go to the theatres as before—including the theatres controlled by Mr. Ziegfeld. He thinks that the whole procedure throws a strange light on the position of the critic, and wonders how a similar case would be handled in London—if there was a precedent for it. Of course there are precedents. There is the famous incident at the Garrick Theatre of years ago, when the critic of the *Times* was refused admission at a première on his ticket because, by his former criticism, he was held to be biased; there is the incident of a telephone reply to a weekly paper inquiring why no tickets were forthcoming: "If you intend sending Mr. X., there is no ticket"; there is the incident of a critic being dismissed on the complaint that he had criticised a leading lady unfairly; there is the incident of a manager asking for a critical head on

a charger and obtaining it; and there are a multitude of incidents which occurred *sub rosa* and were buried quietly because at the crucial moment some wise friend of the warring parties stepped in and acted as the angel of peace.

But there is a great difference between the case of Mr. Hornblow and similar conflicts in London. Mr. Hornblow as editor is a master, and as such he is beholden to no one. He may risk a possible affront when presenting himself with a purchased ticket, but even if he were barred he would find ways and means to see the performance, and record his opinion. In London a critic ostracised by a manager, unless he belonged to a paper that would stand by him, would be in a very awkward position. His fate might depend on the question whether the goodwill—which includes advertisements—of a manager is not of greater moment than the value of the critic. He would tremble in his shoes; he might lose his job; he could not, as recently in Paris, hope for the *esprit-de-corps* of his colleagues, backed by their newspaper-proprietors, whereby the ostracising manager would be ostracised in his turn by the non-appearance of any notice in criticism of his show until there had been amends. Thanks to the efforts of the Critics' Circle, there is a possibility that henceforth conflicts between critics and criticised may be settled by arbitration—the Managers' Association and the Circle—each naming their spokesman with right to examine the parties. But the idea is still in the air, and, perhaps fortunately, there has been no cause so far to test its practicality. Meanwhile, Mr. Hornblow may be commended for taking the right course, although I am not so sure that, if the "bar sinister" were pronounced, a critic could get into the theatre even if he presented a paid-for ticket. There is a certain case connected with the Palace Theatre which renders it at least dubious whether a purchased ticket means a contract on the part of a manager to admit; and (significant fact) on some programmes there is a note that the management reserves to itself the right of admission. Recalling this while discussing the Hornblow incident among colleagues, one said waggishly—"I bet that they will never keep me out—did not Clement Scott go to the pit-queue when Wyndham once declared him to be no longer *persona grata*? And if it came to the worst there is always Willie Clarkson, who changes men by the magic of his wigs!"



GREECE BEFORE HOMER'S TIME IN MODERN POETIC DRAMA: "PHOENIX," AT THE ST. MARTIN'S—MISS MARY CLARE AS RODOPE, AND MR. AUSTIN TREVOR AS A SENTRY.

The scene of Mr. Lascelles Abercrombie's "Phoenix," which followed "Gruach" in the Playbox performances at the St. Martin's Theatre on Sunday, January 20, is laid in Greece before the Trojan War. The play has been described as farce with a tragic twist. The chief character is Rodope, a king's slave-girl, who beguiles his son Phoenix and other men.—[Photograph by Stage Photo Co.]



MACBETH BEFORE SHAKESPEARE'S "TIME" IN MODERN POETIC DRAMA: A SLEEP-WALKING SCENE IN "GRUACH," AT THE ST. MARTIN'S—MISS SYBIL THORNDIKE IN THE TITLE-RÔLE AND MR. MALCOLM KEEN AS AN ENVOY (MACBETH) OF THE KING OF SCOTLAND.

Mr. Gordon Bottomley's "Gruach," the first of two Playbox productions at the St. Martin's Theatre on January 20, is an early scene in Macbeth's life, before the "time" (in the dramatic sense) of Shakespeare's play. Macbeth comes to Fortingall, as an Envoy of the King of Scotland, on the eve of Gruach's wedding to a dull lover, is fascinated by her, and carries her off. She meets him walking in her sleep, candle in hand—at once an echo and a presage of the famous scene in "Macbeth."

Photograph by Stage-Photo Co.

A PHARAOH'S GIFTS TO A SYRIAN KING: EGYPTIAN ART AT BYBLOS.

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A JEWEL-CASKET SHAPED LIKE AN EGYPTIAN SARCOPHAGUS: A GIFT FROM AMENEMHAT IV. (1800 TO 1792 B.C.) TO THE PRINCE OF JEBEIL (BYBLOS).



A PHARAOH SEATED BEFORE THE SYMBOLIC HAWK: A GOLD PECTORAL GIVEN BY AMENEMHAT II.



AN EGYPTIAN MEDALLION IN GOLD AND CALIBRATED STONES: A GIFT FROM AMENEMHAT II. TO THE PRINCE OF JEBEIL.



INSCRIBED WITH THE NAME AND TITLES OF THE PRINCE OF JEBEIL: PART OF A SICKLE OF BRONZE WITH HANDLE OF GILDED WOOD.



JEWELLERY SHOWING EGYPTIAN INFLUENCE FOUND IN AN ANCIENT SYRIAN TOMB AT JEBEIL: RINGS AND BRACELETS WITH AMETHYST SCARABS.



SURMOUNTED BY A SOLAR DISC, AN EMBLEM OF THE KINGS OF EGYPT: PART OF A PAPYRIFORM SCEPTRE FROM A SYRIAN TOMB.



SHOWING EGYPTIAN CHARACTERISTICS IN ITS DESIGN: A PLAQUE OF CHASED GOLD FOUND IN A SYRIAN TOMB AT JEBEIL.

The recent discoveries by M. Pierre Montét and other French archæologists at Jebeil (ancient Byblos), near Beirut, illustrated and described in our issue of January 5, are of very great interest as showing the close connection between Egypt and Syria some 4000 years ago. We are now able to illustrate some of the actual objects of Egyptian art found in the tombs. "The most remarkable finds," says the "Times," account, "are a marble vase of beautiful workmanship, the lid of which bears the hieroglyphic inscription, 'Servant of God, God, Son of the Sun, Amenemhat, may he live for ever'; and also a jewel-casket of obsidian, gold-mounted, and shaped like a sarcophagus. The

lid bears a hieroglyphic legend admirably engraved: 'Long live the good God, Master of the Two Lands, King of Upper and Lower Egypt, Maa Kheron Ra, beloved of Tum, Lord of Heliopolis, to whom he has given eternal life.' The casket was broken open by the fall of a stone, and probably contained jewels; for near by were found gold medallions and a pectoral and a chain with two representations of the king seated before the emblematic hawk, a gold ring set in amethyst, a scarab, pearls, and amethysts forming a necklace. A little further were jewels, arms and insignia, a papyrus, a stem of wood and gold supporting a silver solar disc, and various other articles."



AS the King and Queen are going to stay at Knowsley as the guests of the Earl and Countess of Derby when they pay their visit to Liverpool, it is quite possible that his Majesty may not be at Knowsley for the Grand National. The Prince of Wales has seen two Nationals run, and may see a third; almost certainly some members of the Royal Family will witness it. The Queen was greatly pleased by the splendid reception given to the Earl of Athlone and Princess Alice in South Africa. After all, Lady May Cambridge spent her seventeenth birthday not at sea, but on the land of which her father is Governor-General. The Queen will make a short stay with Princess Mary and Viscount Lascelles in the early spring. Her Majesty's grandson, the Hon. George Lascelles, walks and talks now.

A male grievance is that we women dress too warmly for ordinary days, take the seats in trains out of the draught, and proceed to open one or both windows. *Messieurs mes amis*, I am a woman in complete accord. Long fur coats with deep fur collars are delightful to look upon such days as the temperature is so low as to render their cosiness apparent; but most women reside in their fur coats from October to April. Those fortunate ones who have changes in furs regulate their size and weight to the weather; but we others, as a rule, go into furs when we light our home fires, and out of them when we give fires up. The consequence is that we are often hot and burdened when men are wearing their lightest overcoats, or none, and to expose them to draughts in such circumstances is selfish.

Let whosoever be in power and whosoever talk, Sir, the ladies must have fashions, sure; where'er and where they walk, Sir. Our sex prefers petticoats to politics, whatever they may say. There are thousands of serious-minded women who would most enthusiastically help to redress wrongs and who do

so help in their own ways. The majority neither understand nor care for the political machine. Much talking makes women sad; we like it a little at a time at our own sweet will, and varied. That Members of Parliament cannot do as they like is quite beyond the comprehension of some of their wives. More than one legislator had to smooth over his share in helping to put the Labour Party in power by gifts in the home circle—some rather expensive gifts, too!

London West End shopkeepers are very depressed about the coming season. The prospects, as they say, are far from encouraging, and but for the British Empire Exhibition visitors, and the entertaining that we all hope will be done for them, they would view the prospect with dismay. They are not what one would call a cheery and optimistic crowd at any time, although apparently their troubles are more in their own minds than elsewhere. There are a few rich folk who now say, "Of course we are not going to do anything this season." Given the lead, that they will get from our own non-political, fair-minded, intensely patriotic King and Queen, they will change their minds later, and do as usual, or a little more. A Labour Government, even if it has to hang out a sort of Socialistic label, is not exactly the plague, so that nothing can be done under it.

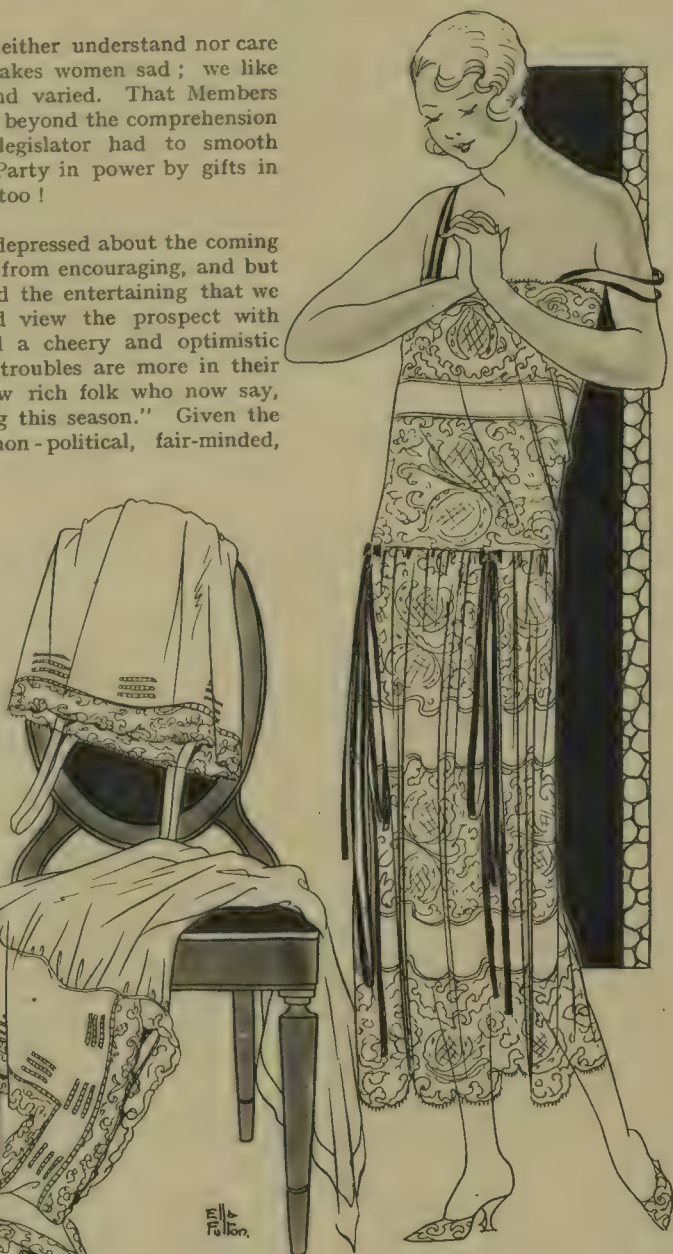
Our friends seem to have been mislaid a good deal by the railway strike. Luncheon parties denuded of their guests, people promenading stations waiting for friends, arrangements all awry, and but for the kindly offices of telephone and telegraph things would have been much worse. After all, business people were taken to their business; food was conveyed to London, and things were none too bad after the first, when we knew within a little what to expect. The women and children of the strikers are, as usual, the most pitiable victims of this most foolish way of settling a dispute. The men get their beer and tobacco and sufficient meals; the



That Harrods, Knightsbridge, S.W., are past-masters in the art of creating lovely lingerie is convincingly proved by these fascinating affairs of crêpe-de-Chine, georgette, and lace, not forgetting the amusing pyjamas of soft black satin. (See page 198.)

women and little ones suffer. This does not infer that British men are bad husbands and fathers; only that they are a good deal out of their own homes at strike time and among their fellows.

The King and Queen of Italy will pay their return visit to our King and Queen in the coming season, if all goes well. If they do, it will afford a fine opportunity for our overseas kinsmen and kinswomen to see something of those State pageants for which this Court of ours is famous. Our Queen and Queen Elena of Italy will be a piquant contrast in handsome women. Our Queen fair, blue-eyed, and with a complexion as a grandmother that a girl of eighteen might envy; tall, stately, and picturesque: Queen Elena not so tall, dark-eyed, dark-haired, and with an oval-shaped face and a fine complexion with a dark, clear skin. The King of Italy is a small man



with a big character; he is good-looking, and neat and soldierly.

Midwinter often robs us of familiar figures. The late Countess of Dundonald is one who has long been well known in Society. As Miss Bamford-Hesketh, and an only child, she was an heiress quite in a great way for those days. Forty-five years ago she married the Earl of Dundonald, and I believe they were considered a remarkably handsome couple. He, of course, became a most distinguished soldier, and was an inventor too.

We are to have handsome treatment at the great British Empire Exhibition. Not only are about ten thousand of us to be there employed, but our section is to be a very important one, and we have the Duchess of York as President. I was asked if I knew anything about the Society of Scribes, and replied, frivolously, that in my mind they were inextricably mixed up with the Pharisees. The Exhibition will show me otherwise. They are clever and artistic people who design and illuminate and make beautiful all that they work at with rare skill. The Queen and Princess Mary are sending specimens of fine jeweller's work to the Loan Exhibition. There is to be a means of transport round the Exhibition, of which the Irish porter's description of a long-run train will be fairly correct. He may run up and down the platform shouting: "This thrain niver sthops," with some reason!

A. E. L.

Accomplished Equestrians.



The Sheep Race of Morocco.

Part of the annual celebrations to commemorate the offering up of Isaac by Abraham, this spectacular event is a singular combination of barbarism and equestrian skill. The leader carries on his horse a sheep with its throat cut, and if the animal be alive at the finish it is accepted as a sign that the ensuing year will be prosperous.

The sole excuse for this cruelly superstitious contest is found in the magnificent horsemanship of the Moroccan tribesmen. Perched high above his mount in an iron-framed saddle, the Arab rider displays superb skill and daring in his race with kindred spirits across the desert. A rider from childhood, he practically lives in the saddle, and he is certainly among the world's most enduring horsemen.

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Lingerie is more filmy and more fascinating than ever. Embroidered georgette and voile have appeared as rivals to the all-conquering crêpe-de-Chine, and their success is convincingly proved by the delightful affairs sketched on page 196, which hail from the salons of Harrods, Knightsbridge, S.W. In the centre is a set of white georgette undies boasting motifs of lace and drawn thread work. An original note is introduced by a small pleated panel appearing on the front of each garment. The price of the night-dress is 95s., and the chemise and knickers are 49s. 6d. each. The set pictured below is expressed in white voile with an embroidered all-over pattern of soft cherry colour. The night-dress can be secured for the modest sum of 21s. 9d., cami-knickers for 12s. 9d., and chemise and knickers for 10s. each. They may also be obtained with embroidery of pink, orange, heliotrope, or periwinkle-blue.

Pyjamas and a Princess Petticoat.

In complete contrast to the fairy-like inspirations described above are the novel pyjamas sketched on the same page. Fashioned of soft black satin, the wide sleeves are of lace, following the lines of those usually associated with a Japanese kimono. And last, but by no means least in the order of attractive merit, is the slender Princess petticoat of *café-au-lait* lace decorated with bands of buttercup-yellow taffeta. Mounted on a net foundation, it is an ideal garment for dancing, being as light as a thistledown, and floating gracefully with every movement.

Chocolates for the School-room.

After the strenuous exertions of lessons and games, the children naturally enjoy the peaceful half-hour at home which precedes supper and bedtime. Every well-regulated family keeps a goodly store of wholesome chocolates for these occasions, and the fortunate folk who receive the delicious Kunzle variety are indeed to be envied. The wide choice of different flavourings and centres is such that practically no two chocolates are alike, and the excellent qualities of every one is guaranteed by the name of the makers. Packed in white satin paper boxes tied with brightly coloured ribbons, Kunzle

chocolates are displayed in the windows of all confectioners of prestige.

Carr's Biscuits. Another strong favourite with the children, which is consequently always in demand, is a box of the famous

biscuits made by Carr and Co., of Carlisle, and obtainable everywhere. For festive occasions, there are the chocolate biscuits which all children love, and the Afternoon Tea Assorted, gay with coloured icing and sugared bonbons. Carr's Table Water biscuits are well known to each hostess as an indispensable item to the cheese-and-biscuit course of every dinner.

Home-Made Cakes.

Everyone rejoices to see real home-made cakes included on the tea-table; but in these strenuous days there seems to be little or no time to make them. A tin of Borwick's Baking Powder, however, proves an invaluable household requisite, and with its aid one can produce delicious plum cakes, Swiss rolls, and short-breads at a minimum cost and expenditure of time and labour. Borwick's can be obtained everywhere, and the amateur in culinary art will find the investment a sure method of achieving successes as varied and as numerous as those of an expert on the subject.

Lait La-rola.

The early spring is a season which (as everyone knows by sad experience) has devastating effects upon the fairest of complexions unless due precautions are taken. A simple method to keep the skin in perfect condition despite constantly changing weather is gently to massage Lait La-rola into the skin each night. This soothing emollient softens and beautifies the complexion, in addition to protecting it from keen March winds. Lait La-rola is obtainable from all chemists of prestige for the modest sum of 1s. 6d. per bottle.

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The best part of the day, in the opinion of all denizens of the school-room, is the time when their favourite Kunzle chocolates and Carr's biscuits appear on the scene and cause invariable enjoyment to children of all ages.



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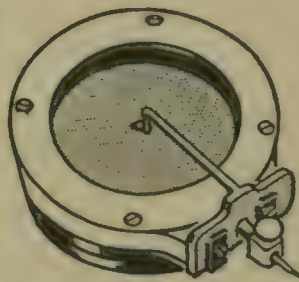
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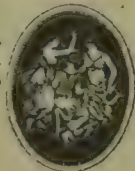
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THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

RUTLAND BOUGHTON'S "ALKESTIS."

THE British National Opera Company deserve high praise for producing Mr. Boughton's latest opera, although their actual production of it left much to be desired. Whatever people may think of Mr. Boughton's music, considered purely as music, there can be no doubt that he has a remarkable sense of the theatre. "The Immortal Hour" as given at the Regent Theatre has admirers who go to it again and again, although they are in many cases perfectly well aware of its weaknesses. Those weaknesses—his commonplace material, his awkward orchestration, his ill-assorted reminiscences of Wagner, Elgar, and Puccini—are so obvious that there is no need to enlarge upon them. For, in spite of all these things, his operas hold the attention of audiences. His music concentrates interest in the voices and not in the orchestra. It may be poor stuff at times, but the sincerity of its intention is unmistakable: there is no conventional padding, no pandering to vulgar operatic effect. His melody may often be commonplace, but it is broadly vocal and definitely recognisable as melody.

There is, too, another reason. The librettos of his three chief operas are all works of real literary merit. This has had an effect first of all on his own style; he has felt the literary merit of the words, and has set them so as to bring it home to the listener.

"Alkestis" is something altogether new in opera, English or foreign. It is composed not to an operatic libretto designed for conventional operatic treatment, but to Professor Gilbert Murray's verse translation of the play of Euripides. The form of a Greek play burdens the composer with long monologues, with long narratives, and with a severely conventionalised dialogue. It involves the complete sacrifice of all *ensemble* movements, while demanding a great elaboration of the part assigned to the chorus. It is obviously the opportunity for choral writing which has attracted Mr. Boughton. In all his operas he has given the

chorus a very prominent position, and he is certainly a master of choral effect. In the dramatic parts of the opera he has to a large extent dropped the Wagnerian influences which are plainly to be felt in "The Immortal Hour." Almost any page of "Alkestis," taken by itself, might have been written thirty years ago, when Wagner's music was still comparatively strange to English ears. None the less, I cannot imagine any composer of thirty years ago writing a whole opera in this peculiar form. However absurdly

a sense of the beauty of the thought which they express, and a sense, too, of the beauty with which the poet has expressed it. "Alkestis," in fact, demands a company of cultivated amateurs rather than one of experienced professionals. At Covent Garden one heard a few words here and there at most. Miss Clara Serena and Mr. George Parker were the only notable exceptions. Mr. Walter Hyde has a beautiful voice and a great command of emotional colour; he has had, too, a varied operatic experience, and is familiar with all the regular operatic conventions. For "Alkestis" these virtues were of little avail. Miss Clara Serena, who made her first appearance on the stage, was by far the most successful of the soloists. Alkestis has some very moving and beautiful passages to sing. Miss Serena sang them with little or no variety of colour or force; she gave the impression that she knew the words, but that they made no appeal to her emotions. But every word came out clear; she sang steadily and clearly, with a sense of the vocal phrase, with the result that Alkestis at least stood out from the rest of the singers as a figure of dignity and beauty.

Covent Garden is much too large a theatre for this opera, though, if everyone had sung their words simply and carefully, the voices would have been clearly audible. That the opera proved a dull entertainment was not the fault of the composer. The chorus is made up of good voices, and they sang accurately and in tune; perhaps that is a good deal to have achieved, considering the amount of work that Mr. Boughton gave them to do. Their words

were seldom audible, their movements awkward and ungraceful. Mr. Bernard's scenery, consisting of a Doric pavilion that looked as if it were made of soap, set against black curtains, was an awkward compromise between realism and expressionism. If the members of the British National Opera Company, more especially those who hold posts of responsibility in it, would make a thorough and careful study of Mr. Boughton's "Alkestis," they would learn a great deal about singing and about opera in general.—EDWARD J. DENT.



AFTER THE HEAVY RAINS: A MOTOR-CYCLIST'S DILEMMA ON A FLOODED ROAD NEAR READING.—[Photograph by Topical.]

Victorian some of the choral writing may sound, the opera as a whole is a work of our own day.

His modernity was, indeed, uncomfortably in evidence at Covent Garden, for it was obvious that the opera company were far from feeling at home in it. The first thing to be required in the preparation of "Alkestis" was that the singers should all know and understand the words which they had to sing. Professor Murray's lines demand not merely correct pronunciation, but intelligence and poetic sympathy,



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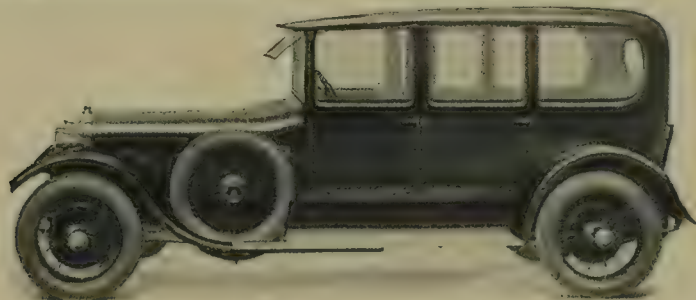
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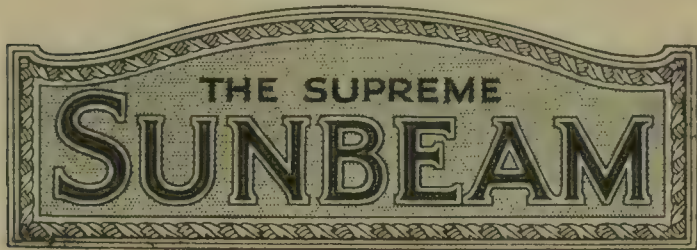
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THE BOOKSELLER'S WINDOW.

ART AND MAN. ESSAYS AND FRAGMENTS. By C. ANSTRUTHER-THOMSON. With an Introduction by VERNON LEE. (John Lane, The Bodley Head; 10s. 6d. net.)

To those who take more than a superficial interest in art, this book will make a strong appeal. It is the revelation of a fine and original mind, and of a friendship between two women for whom the philosophy of art was all in all. Miss Clementina Anstruther-Thomson, the author of these essays, and the subject of the prefatory memoir, came of a Fife family. She was born in 1857, and died in 1921. In her youth she was described as "like the Venus of Milo." The key to her career is given in her own words. "In 1884 I began learning painting professionally, and spent eight years over it. . . . I gave it up in 1892 and took to looking at pictures instead of trying to paint them, intending later to make it my business to show the galleries to the East End people in London." That intention she carried out, partly in connection with Toynbee Hall and Morley College. During her life, spent largely abroad, she came little into public notice, save in a book written in collaboration with her friend and biographer, Vernon Lee, entitled "Beauty and Ugliness, and Other Studies in Psychological Aesthetics," published in 1897. These new essays of hers are likely to have an abiding influence on art criticism. Not least of the book's attractions are the portraits of the author by Sargent, and some of her own drawings, with photographs illustrating her critical studies.

KESTREL EDGE: AND OTHER PLAYS. By WILFRID GIBSON. (Macmillan; 6s. net.)

The distinctive feature of Mr. Wilfrid Gibson's work in poetic drama is that he chooses blank verse as the vehicle throughout for plays written in the Border vernacular. Whether it is artistically appropriate to make Northumberland farmers and peasants and "gaberlunzie" men talk in blank verse is open to doubt, and many will think that his grim tales would be better told in prose. They would provide excellent matter for novels of the type that Mr. Eden Phillpotts writes about Dartmoor. The name of Earnshaw in the first play, "Lovers' Leap," sets the reader thinking, too, of "Wuthering Heights," with whose scenery and people Mr. Gibson's plays have much in common. He knows his countryside and characters intimately, and is a master of tragic situation.

GORA. By RABINDRANATH TAGORE. (Macmillan; 7s. 6d. net.)

There are many novels of Anglo-Indian society by English authors, but to understand the native life of

India the reader cannot do better than turn to those of the famous poet, Rabindranath Tagore. The scene of his present story is laid in Calcutta, some twenty-five years after the Indian Mutiny. It reveals the intimate family life of Hindus of the strict Brahmin caste, and also that of members of the Brahmo Samaj. It is a long book, but the easy flow of the author's excellent English makes it very readable. The climax comes when the hero, Gora, discovers the secret of his birth, and says: "To-day I am really an Indian! In me there is no longer any opposition between Hindu, Mussulman, and Christian. To-day every caste in India is my caste, the food of all is my food."

BY THOR, NO! By C. R. BOYD FREEMAN. (Simpkin, Marshall; 6s.)

Though cast in the form of a love-story, in which a High Church curate and an Agnostic are rivals for the heroine's beliefs, and, incidentally, her hand, this is really a polemical tract, attacking especially the Roman Catholic Church and the Romanising tendencies of Ritualism, and urging a religion of patriotism. Most of the book consists of controversial speeches and discussions, in which Christianity is candidly criticised. The title and drift are indicated in the Agnostic's remark: "I hope neither I nor any succeeding Westgate will ever own the slightest allegiance to Jew or Italian. By Thor and Woden, No!" The book is dedicated to the Society of St. George, the Ku Klux Klan, and the Rationalist Press Association.

STREETS OF NIGHT. By JOHN DOS PASSOS. (Martin Secker; 7s. 6d. net.)

If the young Harvard men, whose relations with women form the material of this arresting novel, are typical of American university life, it presents a marked contrast to the average of Oxford and Cambridge youth. There is a certain hectic restlessness about the mentality both of the men and the girls, in frivolous as well as tragic circumstances, very different from the air of casual unconcern and easy-going flippancy that surrounds the English undergraduate. Perhaps the effect is due to the nervous, jerky style of the writer, who draws his scenes with rapid strokes, and tells his story mainly through dialogue. The whole picture, however, is remarkably vivid: an unusual and powerful piece of work.

THE BARGE OF HAUNTED LIVES. By J. AUBREY TYSON. (Mills and Boon; 7s. 6d. net.)

This is a romantic mystery story above the average of its kind; the framework is distinctly original, and the details very thoroughly worked out with a strong imaginative grasp. The setting is a canal boat, weirdly furnished below, lying in a remote creek; and its millionaire owner makes a habit of inviting people with haunted lives and

dangerous secrets to come there for refuge and tell their stories, which he calls his "American Nights Entertainment." Those of the present group, which include the Veiled Aeronaut, the Duck-Hunter, the Whispering Gentleman, the Nervous Physician, and the Homicidal Professor, all bear on the disappearance of two great diamonds which formed the eyes of a Buddha in an Indian temple and were looted during the Mutiny.

THE PERILOUS TRANSACTIONS OF MR. COLLIN. By FRANK HELLER. Translated by PAULINE DE CHARY. (John Lane, The Bodley Head; 7s. 6d. net.)

We are not told from what language these stories, which are of the detective type, were translated, but internal evidence points to the Swedish. Philip Collin, who does the detecting, is himself a superior "crook," so that the adventures are more in the vein of Raffles than of Sherlock Holmes. In the telling of them, we miss the alertness and vivacity of style in which the doings of both those ingenious gentlemen were recorded. There is a certain heaviness about Mr. Collin's movements which prevents them from quite producing the requisite thrill.

BLEKE THE BUTLER. By WILLIAM LE QUEUX. (Jarrolds; 5s. net.)

Mr. William Le Queux can always be trusted for a good story of the sensational type. He is a practised hand at the game, and deserves the title "Master of Mystery" claimed for him on the jacket of his new book. It is a series of adventures in which the principal figure is a butler who formerly served in ducal families, but whom changed conditions due to the war have compelled to be content with less exalted employers. Many of them turn out to be shady characters, and he plays a part in the discovery of the skeletons in their several cupboards. The scenes are laid in London, in English country houses, Rome, Jersey, Biarritz, and on the Riviera.

THE LURE OF MONTE CARLO. By MRS. C. N. WILLIAMSON. (Mills and Boon; 5s. net.)

Mention of the Riviera brings us to a book, by a well-known novelist, which is not, however, a novel. "There are dozens of lures," writes Mrs. Williamson, "and a volume could easily be written round each. In telling all I've learned about 'Monte' in my fifteen or sixteen seasons there, the method I've decided to work upon is: condensation; concentration; one chapter, one lure; all lures (blending together in a great composite lure) boiled down into five chapters." They deal respectively with (1) History; (2) Scenery, Climate, Excursions; (3) Society; Demi-Society; Amusements; Sport; (4) Gambling; (5) Methods of Play and "Systems." The last two chapters, with their explanations and pictures of the roulette wheel, are particularly informing.

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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"HAVOC" AT THE HAYMARKET.

IT is good to see a play of ambitious intent, such as Mr. Harry Wall's "Havoc," being promoted straight away from a private society's programme into a West End bill, and scoring thereupon a remarkable popular success: a feather in the cap of the Repertory Players. Its enthusiastic reception disposes of the silly legend, urged too often in the Press, that our theatregoers are tired of war-plays. All they have objected to is bad war-plays, stories in which conventionalised war-scenes merely serve as trimmings for a sentimental fable. Mr. Wall can recall the strain of battle, and really does know his young British officer. If the playwright had done no more than provide his picture of "The Babe," the kindly, loyal, single-minded lad who is so cheery and bright in the presence of horror and would face hell for a pal, Mr. Wall would have our gratitude, especially as he has found in Mr. Richard Bird so delightful a representative. But all his soldiers are good, once he is permitted his initial and impossible postulate: that an officer, because a comrade, of his has robbed him of his sweetheart, would doom that rival and sixteen of the rank and file besides to almost certain death. One cannot help feeling also that the woman who has so much to do with the havoc of the story, so little explained, so little more than the mere "vampire" of your cinema stage, has been studied only from the outside. But the play moves notwithstanding; and as, fortunately, its biggest scenes are confined to its men, it holds its audience, while these are on, breathless with interest and suspense. Mr. Bird's performance is quite astonishing. Only just less noteworthy is the fine acting of Mr. Henry Kendall and Mr. Leslie Faber.

MARIE TEMPEST IN A BARRIE REVIVAL.

Even Barrie plays can "date," and, to get the fullest fun out of Miss Marie Tempest's revival of the nineteen-year-old "Alice Sit By the Fire," the theatregoer must first of all swallow a hypothesis that has become year by year more and more far-fetched: Two decades ago it was a "stiff proposition." There was a vogue, to be sure, in the triangle play; but it is sheer "make-believe" that there were ever so many pieces of this kind running at once in London that young girls could see four of them in a week of playgoing; and of course it is an equally comic pretence that a girl of those days, however seriously minded and innocent, could rush to the belief that they reflected average real life and the possibilities

of her own home and her own parents in particular. No, this ingenuous Amy and her misreading of the high-spirited mother who has so long been a stranger to her children were always matters of farce—a joke we granted to the author because, wanting to write a part for Ellen Terry, he managed it by means of this joke, and managed it effectively and entertainingly. With the story set going, it is the mother on whom our eyes are fastened, not the daughter; and, with another comédienne of genius now replacing Miss Terry, it is the mother's gay reaction to the girl's ridiculous fears and quixotry that still has power to please. Marie Tempest's art obtains admirable scope in the rôle of Alice Sit by the Fire; and all the resources of a faultless technique give us



BYZANTINE DESIGN IN NEW TABLE SILVER FOR THE TROCADERO: EXAMPLES OF A RECORD ORDER OF 40,000 PIECES FROM BIRMINGHAM, TO COST OVER £30,000.

Birmingham has just received from Messrs. Lyons what is perhaps the most notable order, both as to quality and quantity, which it has ever had from London. It is for more than 40,000 pieces of silver for the tables of the Trocadero, and the value of the contract is over £30,000. But even more important, from the restaurant customer's point of view, is the beauty of the design. The old Byzantine style has been chosen, as used in ecclesiastical art, with plain shapes and decorative borders. The Trocadero service will reproduce these borders, with bosses between the chased work representing the precious stones of the original Byzantine craftsmanship.

sheer delight. Miss Elizabeth Irving, looking the prettiest picture of youth on a mission, makes the girl always in deadly earnest; and Miss Peggy Rush, Mr. Herbert Marshall, and Mr. Graham Browne are also in the cast; but the opportunities and the triumphs fall to Marie Tempest.

"BUNTNY" REAPPEARS AT THE GARRICK.

Now that "The Little Minister" revival at the Queen's is proving how much more fun and charm there was than we ever remembered in that early

Barrie effort, we are set wondering whether another play dealing with Scottish types and Scottish dialect, "BuntNY Pulls the Strings," will endure equally well the ordeal of reproduction. It looks as if Mr. Graham Moffat might hope for a new run. The types have still got a racial smack about them: their witticisms have not lost their savour, and it is still amusing to watch a demure-looking maiden acting as amateur Providence over the lives of her housemates. Moreover, the acting of the Moffat family—Miss Winifred now plays BuntNY—and their associates, including Mr. David Whiteford, shows as little real sign of wear as the play.

LEHAR MUSICAL COMEDY AT THE EMPIRE.

It is a pleasure to welcome back the Empire to the ranks of West End theatres. Musical comedy is finding a home here, and there is every prospect of "The Three Graces" making good. Its most pleasant feature is its score, the work of Franz Lehar, and quite up to the best musical-comedy level. Its libretto is just so-so; its humour, in which Mr. Morris Harvey has a share, will bear developing; its scenic effects, notably a snowstorm, are charming; its three Graces—Miss Winifred Barnes, Miss Vera Freeman, and Miss Sylvia Leslie—should all be popular; and there are some excellent vocal opportunities for Miss Barnes herself and for Mr. Thorpe Bates.

With reference to the reproductions in our issue of January 19 last, of "Modern Masters for Middle-Class Homes," we wish to state that the painting, "Simeon in the Temple," by Mr. Robert Anning Bell, R.A., is the copyright of the Medici Society, whose permission to reproduce this picture should have been acknowledged.

On Jan. 28 the well-known advertising agency, G. Street and Co., Ltd., of 30, Cornhill, was installed in new and more commodious premises at 6, Gracechurch Street, E.C. For nearly eighty years Streets have been established at 30, Cornhill, the original founders at a very early date in the firm's history having taken a few rooms at No. 30. A gradually extending connection demanded more space until all the upper floors at this address were occupied. Some fifty years ago extensive alterations were made, including re-fronting of the building and the addition of another storey. Owing, however, to the property changing hands, it was not possible to arrange a renewal of the lease expiring at the end of 1923; accordingly, it became necessary to find other premises, and these were secured in a new building at 6, Gracechurch Street, where five floors are occupied.

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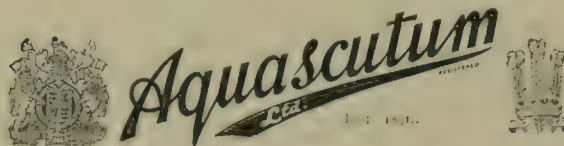
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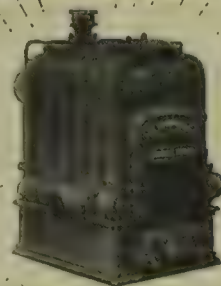
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treatment of roads draining directly into fishing waters.

"(2.) Your Sub-Committee have engaged in practical tests during 1922-23. of the influence on fish of washings from roads dressed with bitumen, and find that bitumens of the kinds indicated by the analyses given in paragraph 5 can be safely recommended as road surfacings, since the washings from such roads in any concentrations which may be expected under ordinary conditions do not affect the various forms of fish, fish food, and stream life.

"(3.) The bituminous surfaces from which washings have been collected for physiological and chemical examination are laid on Class I. Main Roads, and have included: (1.) Squeeged coats of bitumen on ordinary macadam; (2.) Squeeged coats of bitumen on bituminous macadam; (3.) Bituminous sand carpeting on bituminous base.

"(4.) In no case has a representative sample of road washing from surfaces mentioned in paragraph 3 after adequate aeration possessed measurable toxic action in the undiluted state

on fish or other form of stream life, animal or vegetable."

After detailing the elaborate experiments carried out with these roads, the Report concludes as follows:

"(14.) There is thus no evidence so far in the life history of any of the bituminous surfaces referred to in paragraph 3, of any stage at which the road washings from such surfaces may become harmful to fish or other forms of stream life, to whatever degree the washings may be diluted.

"(15.) Your Sub-Committee is therefore of opinion that drainage from bituminous roads of the nature described in paragraphs 3 and 5, and obtained under practical conditions, will show no appreciable toxic character due either to soluble materials extracted by the rain from the bitumen itself

or to colloidal particles derived from the bituminous surface on disintegration."

The widespread use of bitumens such as mephalte and spramex for road construction and surface dressing is therefore endorsed, not only from the standpoint of economy and efficiency for modern traffic, but also from the important standpoint of the harmlessness of rain-washings from such roads to fish and plant life.

The Careless Pedestrian.

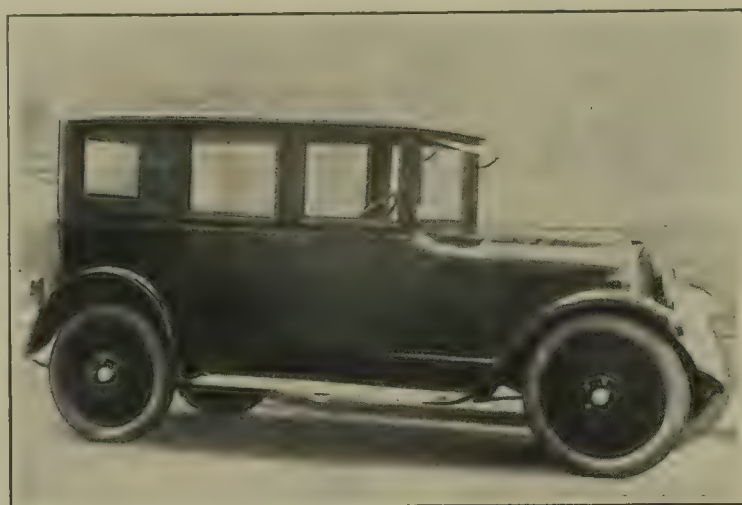
An argument I have often advanced is that there ought to be one law only for all road-users, pedestrians as well as drivers, and that it should be as much a punishable offence to walk as to drive to the common danger. I have more than once given concrete instances of how "reckless walking" has been within an ace of causing a wholesale smash. This being a particular "bee" of mine, I was very interested in some remarks made from the Bench the other day by Mr. A. J. Lawrie, Deputy Chairman of the London Sessions. He said: "There are large numbers of pedestrians who go about asking for sudden death. They take no notice of the 'Safety



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been completely ruined through the fish being poisoned by the surface-water which drains off tar-treated roads into the rivers and streams. On behalf of bitumen, it is claimed that it has no such effects, while at the same time there is no doubt that it provides a better and more durable surface than any of the tar compounds. The first of these claims is borne out by a report just issued by the Road Dressings Sub-Committee, appointed by the Minister of Transport to study the influence of road washings on fish and other forms of stream life. Elaborate experiments have proved conclusively that, unlike other road materials, bitumen is absolutely harmless. The principal paragraphs of the Report embodying this conclusion are as follows— "(1.) In an Interim Report published by the Ministry of Transport as Form No. 149 (Roads), and dated March 14, 1922, the late Joint Fisheries Transport Committee recommended Highway Authorities to give preference to asphaltic bitumen, free from tar products, for the



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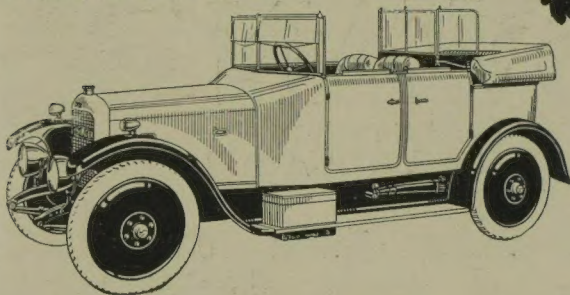
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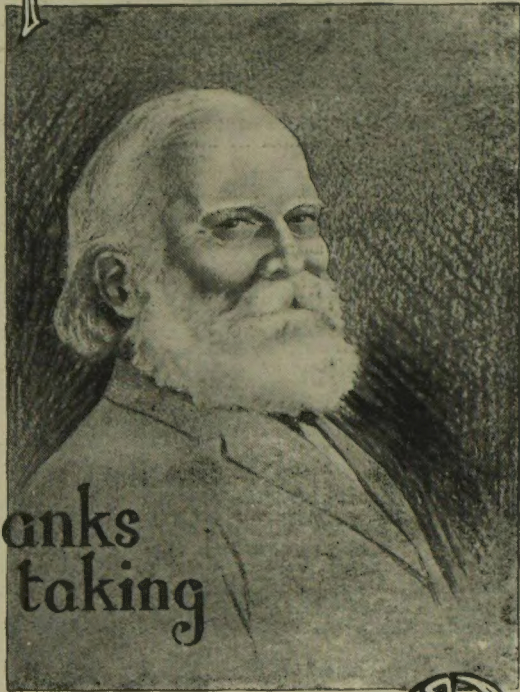
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Doris Rayner.

Mrs. Rayner's Statement:

Mrs. Rayner, 55a, Penwith Road, Earlsfield, London, S.W.18, says:—"Following an attack of influenza my little Doris always suffered with pain in her head, earache, and stomach trouble. She seemed nearly always in pain, and used to wake up in the night screaming. She never wanted to eat, and naturally was very thin and weak. After advice we sent Doris to the country for a time. Then she seemed to improve, but soon after her return was as ill as ever. Then my husband and I thought of Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and began with them. Doris soon picked up then. It was wonderful to see how her health improved. She began to eat well, and she slept soundly, with no pain to trouble her. Steadily she grew strong, and now is at school, a bright, active, little girl of five."

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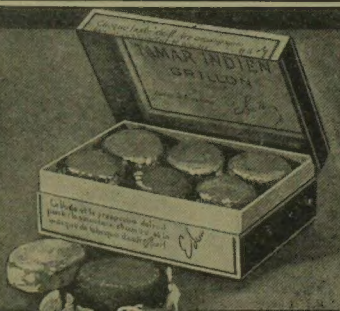
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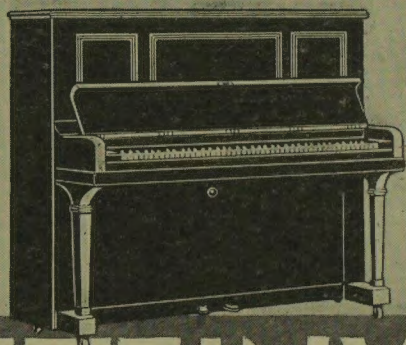
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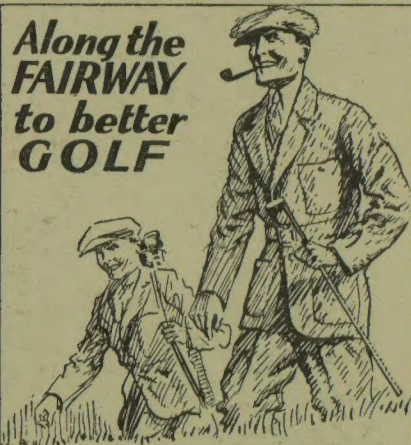
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